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EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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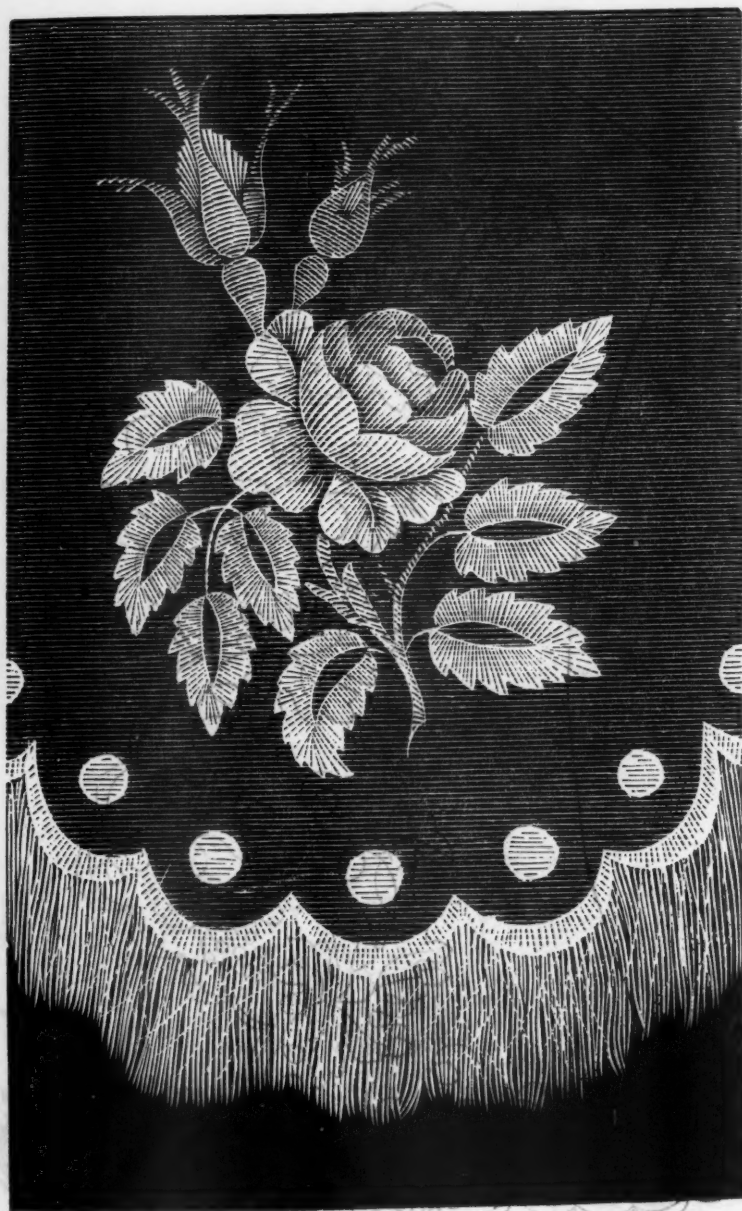
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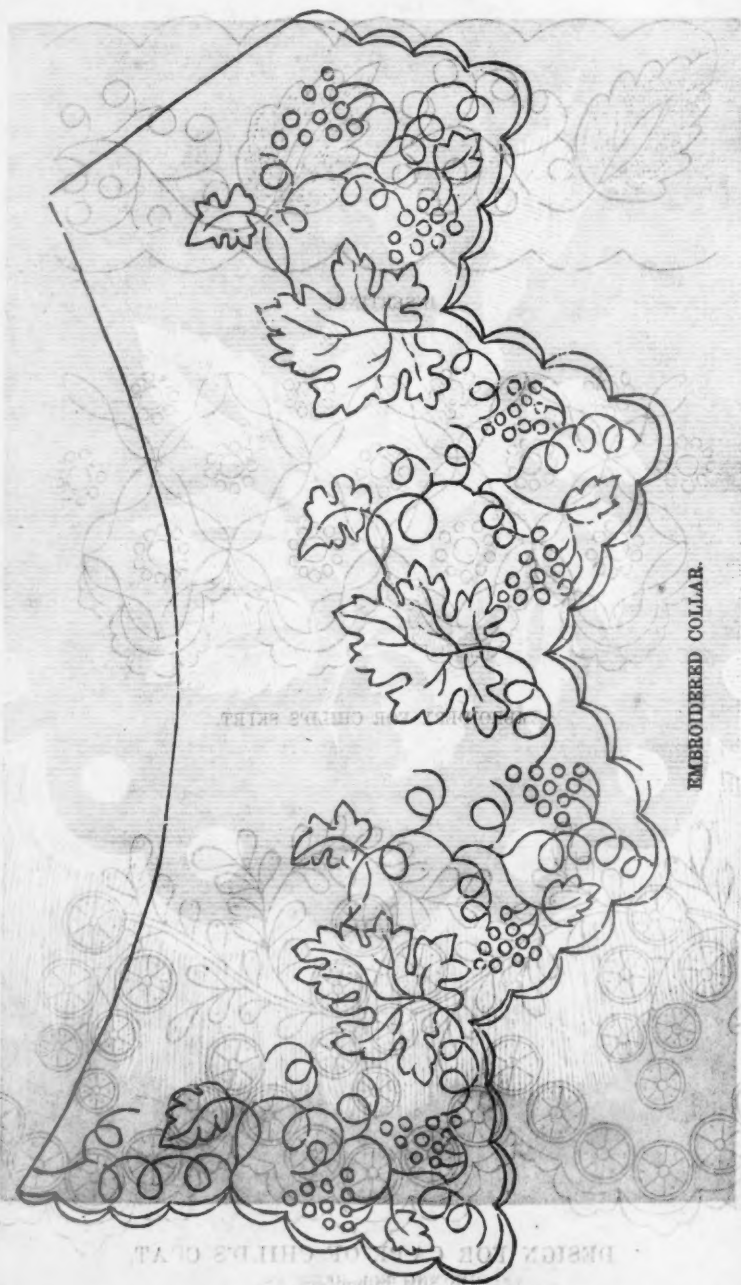




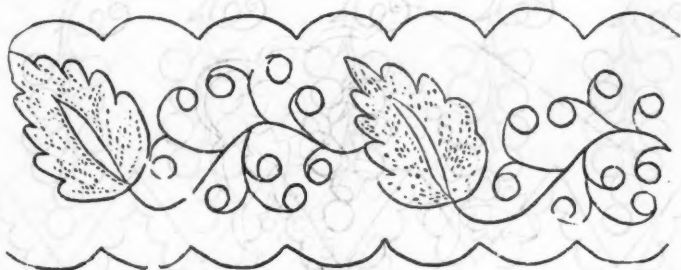




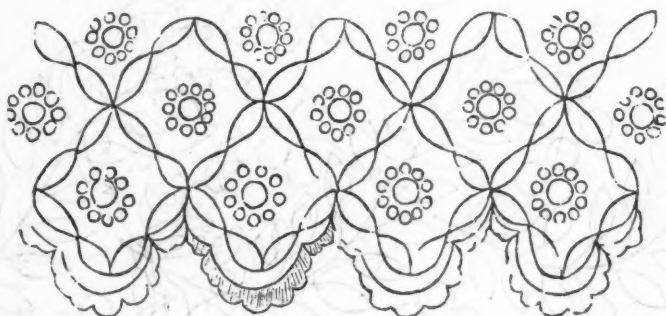
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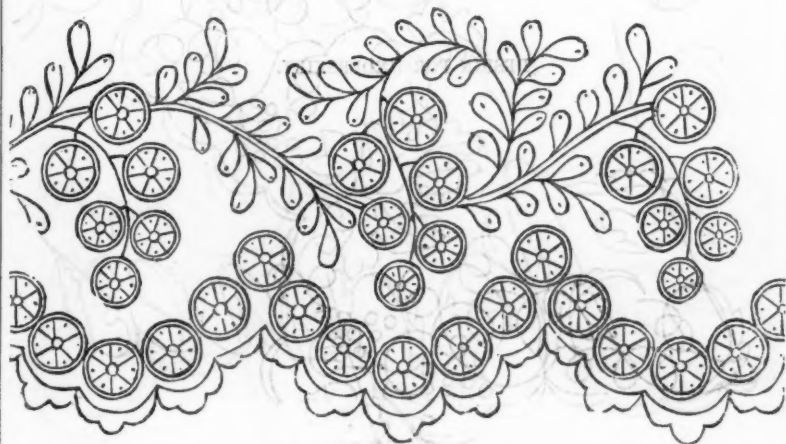
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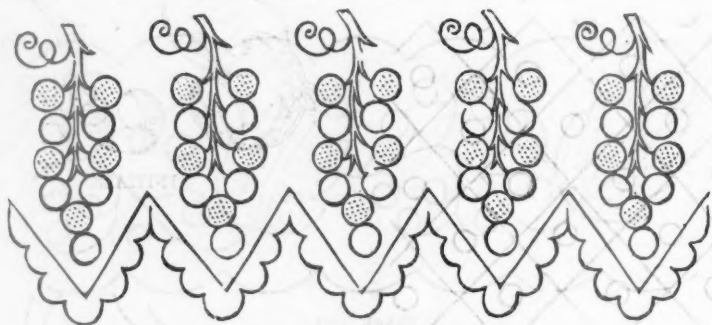
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EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S SKIRT.



FLOUNCING FOR SLEEVES.

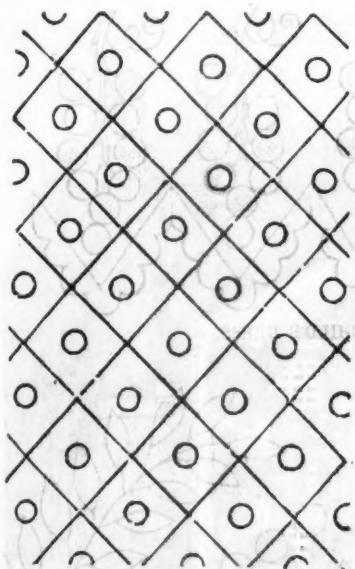


EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



DESIGN FOR UNDERSKIRT.

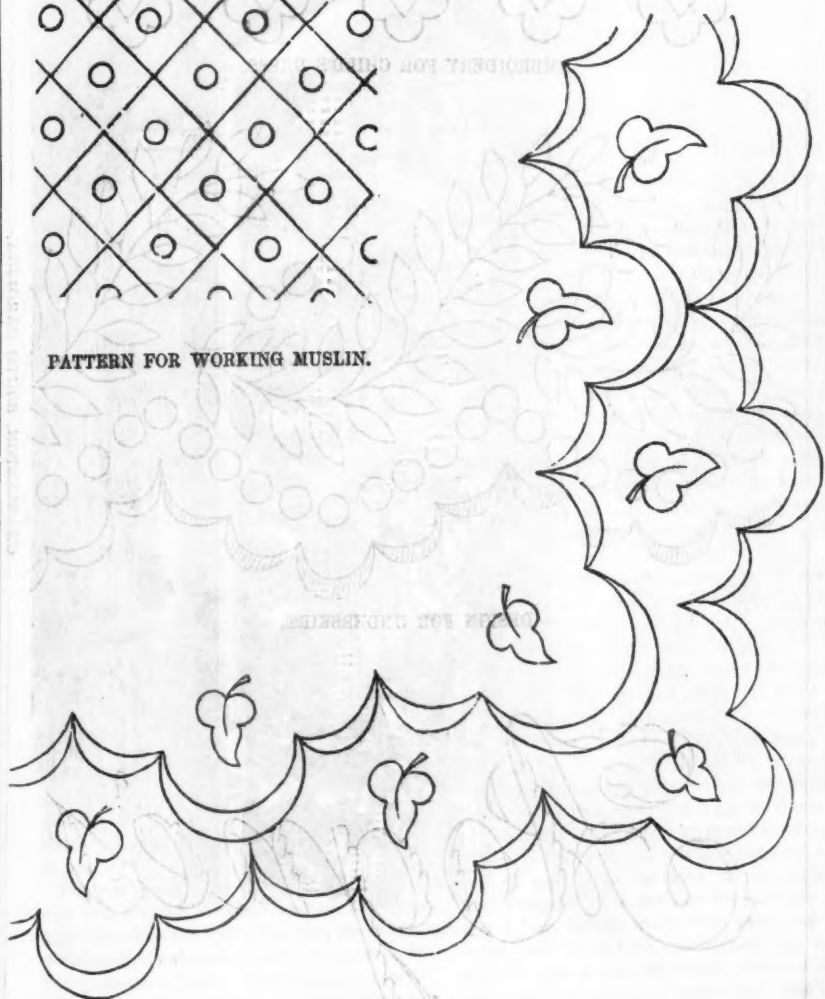
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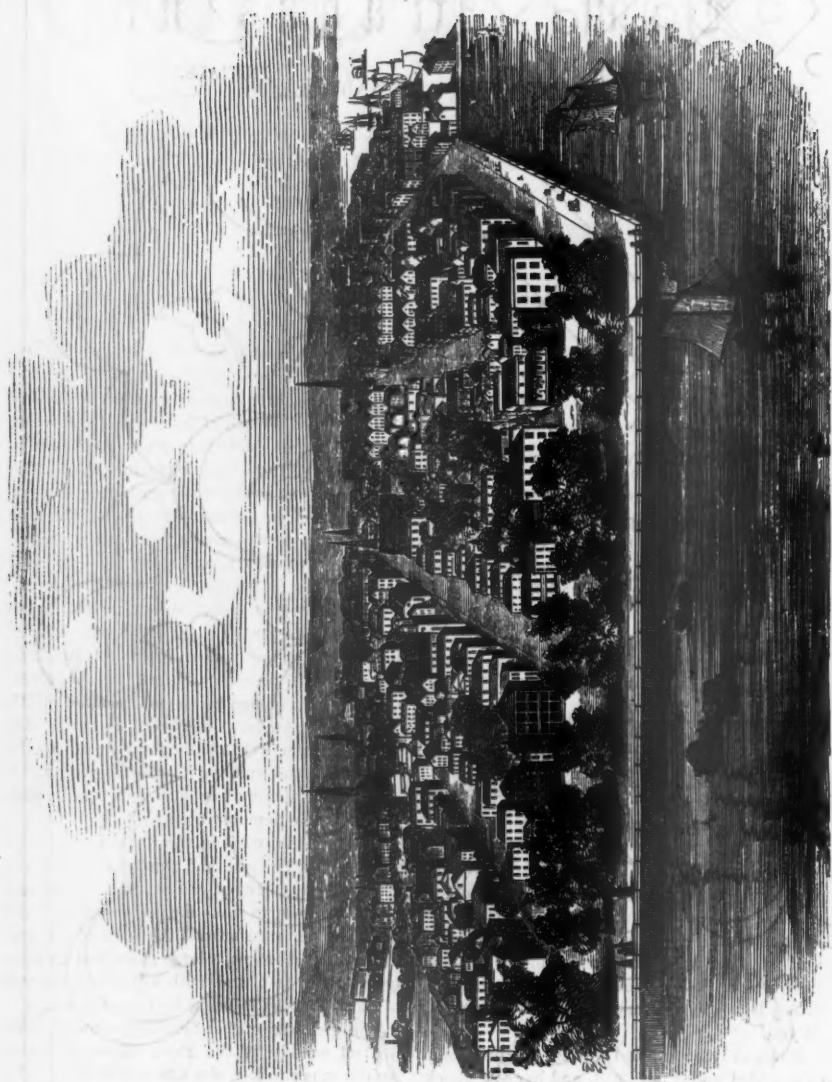
PATTERN FOR WORKING MUSLIN.



INITIALS.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.



CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE LADY'S

Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1857.

LILIAS DAY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was a bright afternoon in early June, some thirteen years ago. The hills that rise all along the "Valley of the Naugatuck," had folded the green surplises of summer over their gray bosoms, and the blue river gathered in between them, answering back the serene smile of the afternoon sky, forming altogether one of those grand country poems that Nature loves to write out in New England.

A few rods from the river, in a green opening among the hills, stood a small one-story cottage, almost wrapped up in the honeysuckles and morning glories, that grew all around the front, and reached up to the low eaves. And somehow, the little cottage formed a very charming rustic picture, set up there in the green woods, overlooking the river, with the white fences and the thick currant bushes running all around it.

A little distance from the house, and just to the left of the main road, stood a large cherry tree, its long, green arms out out very beautifully against the sky; and if you had been sauntering up the road on the afternoon of which I write, and, if your eyes had chanced to light on that tree, you would have turned about, and, stealing softly under the low branches, have stood there, your soul luxuriating (if beauty is to you a luxury) in the vision revealed to you.

She was lying under the tree, one little bare arm folded under her head, and her soft cheek half turned to the cool grass, that sweet child, with hardly the bloom of eight summers on her young dreaming face. The long, golden-brown lashes were drooped over her blue eyes, and over her small crimson lips the smiles wandered like shifting light, betraying the dimples

hidden just in the smooth curving of either cheek. Her bright hair lay tangled about her face, and the little fingers that were braided in a half-finished wreath of buttercups and white clover blossoms, told their story as plainly as the lips above them could have done this. The child had been in the woods gathering flowers, and when she sat down under the cool shadows of the cherry-tree to weave them into a wreath, she had grown weary, and gone to sleep with her small fingers fastened over the long stems.

But there were no travellers on the main road that afternoon, so the child slept on, with nobody to watch her, unless it was the sunshine that found a passage between the branches, and dropped a golden baptismal upon the child's forehead. At last, however, a small dog bounded through the half-open gate of the little cottage, and rushing to the sleeping child, commenced licking her face and hands with unmistakable demonstrations of joy.

"Why, Fido, what in the world made me go to sleep?" The girl had awakened now; and after rubbing her eyes, she sat up. "You're a dear old fellow, to wake me up, any way," and she flung her arms around the neck of the dog.

The next moment, a large stone had dropped to the girl's feet, and with a quick, sharp yell of pain, Fido had sprung up from her arms.

The girl was on her feet in a moment, looking off eagerly to the road, where, standing nearly opposite her, she saw the offender. He was a boy, hardly more than two years her senior, and those blue eyes of hers had never lighted upon a more wretched, destitute-looking object than the one before her. His long, tangled hair had, apparently, never enjoyed an acquaintance with comb or brush; while the

ragged, rimless article set on one side of his head, *might* once have rejoiced in the cognomen of hat. His elbows both protruded from the sleeves of a thread-bare coat, and the pants that terminated some three inches above his bare feet, were patched with such a variety of colors, it would have been difficult to determine their original shade.

The boy's face was thin and pale, and told a sorrowful story of want and suffering. Yet there was something in the large, dark eyes, that beamed out bright and wild from between those masses of tangled hair, which redeemed the expression of the whole face. There was so much courage and earnestness in them: and though they might flash with anger, you felt they might melt with tenderness, too.

"Oh, how *could* you, boy!" said the little girl, turning her soft eyes from the boy to the moaning dog. "Don't you see you've hurt Fido?"

"Well, I don't care if I have; I'll hurt him again, too," was the coarse rejoinder, as the boy bent down and picked up another stone.

The little girl bounded across the grass, and was by his side in a moment. "No, no," she said, laying her hand on his arm, and lifting her sweet face, full of earnest entreaty, to his. "You won't throw it, please don't. You don't know how much I love him; I and grandma, too—oh, you won't; will you?"

He looked in her face a moment, very earnestly. Then a softer expression came into those wild eyes, and the next moment the stone rolled down the hill, and was gathered into the deep heart of the river.

"Oh, thank you, thank you a great many times, little boy," said the girl, with intuitive grace. "Fido will thank you too. Hush, Fido," for the dog had limped to her side, and was surveying the boy, with an occasional low growl, which indicated anything but gratitude.

"Little girl," said the boy, awkwardly twisting his brown fingers together, "I'm sorry I threw that stone, now; I shouldn't if I'd known you."

"Oh, well don't mind it now, Fido's got over it, you see; and you won't ever again hurt a dog, will you?"

"Yes, I shall, though: I'll hurt every dog but yours that I can find, for I hate everybody and everything in the world—everybody but you, I mean." His thin lips quivered as he said the words, and his dark eyes flashed like the quick lightning out of a summer night cloud, but the sudden softness that came over them, was wondrously touching as he finished the sentence and looked up in the girl's face.

"Oh, don't say so," said the child, earnestly, almost solemnly. "It's very wicked—grandma says we must love everybody."

"She wouldn't love me, though, I guess," and the speaker glanced down contemptuously at the *tout ensemble* of his coat and pants; "a dirty, ragged, good-for-nothing little ape, fit only for the gallows: that's what the man up the road called me just now. It made me mad, though it's true enough, I s'pose. Don't you see nobody'd love me?"

"No,"—her brown curls waved brightly in the sunshine, as the little girl shook her head—"grandma says it don't make any difference what kind of clothes we wear, so our heart is in the right place."

The boy looked at her a moment, half in doubt, half in wonder. "Little girl, what's your name?" was the audible conclusion of his cogitations. It was evident that his practical knowledge of humanity had furnished him with a code of morals very unlike those advanced by his gentle companion.

"Lilias Day; and I live all alone with grandma, in that little cottage between the hills. But it's warm, standing here in the sunshine, won't you come and sit under the tree, where it's cool?"

"Yes, for I like you, Lilias, you see; I want to talk some more—beside that, I'm very tired."

"Have you walked a great ways to-day?" questioned Lilias, as the two children threw themselves on the cool grass, and the great tree locked its long arms above them, like the blessing of a choir of angels.

"Yes, I've walked from a place call Waterbury, since morning."

"From Waterbury!" repeated the little girl, her blue eyes growing larger with astonishment. "Why, it's such a long, long way, I've heard grandma say. Where are you going, little boy?"

"I'm going to New York. You see, Lilias, I've run away."

Unconsciously the child drew farther from him, but as he continued, she came closer again, and her sweet face grew very full of mournful sympathy, as she listened to the boy's story.

"My name's Arthur Hale," he said, "and I've lived all alone with old Jack Thomas, since mamma died, four years ago last Spring, and all this time, Jack has done nothing but make me work from sunrise to sunset, and never spoke a pleasant word to me, and cursed and beat me every time I didn't please him, and not given me enough to eat, and only these old clothes you see. Well, last Saturday, he gave

me a worse beating than ever, because I didn't understand something he told me to do, and I just said to myself, 'Arthur Hale, you're almost ten years old, and you're a fool if you'll stand this any longer. Just run away, and go to New York, as Sam Parsons did; you can't be any worse off than you are now, and maybe some time you'll get money enough to go to Georgia, where your mother said that rich uncle of yours lived, that she named you after.' So, Monday morning, I watched for the first line of light that used always to creep up a chink in the wall, and then I crept out of bed softly, and in a few minutes I was out of the house, and I didn't stop running till my breath left me, you better believe; and since Monday morning, I've walked from Massachusetts here, and I shall keep on till I get to New York."

"And what will you do there, Arthur?" questioned Liliias Day, and her tones were full of sympathy.

"I don't know—something or other, I guess—at any rate, it will be better than living with old Jack Thomas," and the boy drew up his ragged sleeve, and enforced the truth of his remark by a sight which sent a shiver of horror through the little girl's frame, for the small arms were terribly scarred by the recent whippings he had undergone. "But, Liliias, I want you to call me Arty, for you speak so softly, just as mamma did when she used to say, 'Arty, my darling boy!' then her little white fingers would drop down so soft and cool in my hair, and her great, beautiful eyes would look on me so full of love. Oh, dear! I've felt many a night her lips on my forehead, just as they used to be; and then I've waked up and found myself in that old, dark garret, and remembered that mamma was lying under the long, tangled grass in the grave-yard, and I've wished I was there, too. She was such a beautiful mother, and she loved me so dearly—and I loved her, too; and I can see the sweet smile lying about her lips, just as plain as I see you now, Liliias—there, don't cry. Why, did you ever! I'm crying, too!"

"Lily! Lily, darling; where are you?"

The wind brought the words to the ears of the children, as they sat under the tree, and the little girl was on her feet in a moment. "It's grandma," she said—"she's calling me, Arty—won't you go with me?"

She was standing in the front door, looking somewhere on the hither side of fifty, and she seemed to realize fully one's ideal of an old lady, calm and placid, set like a picture in the green framework of the vine around her front

door. The snowy cap was pinned closely as a Quaker's, under her slightly wrinkled chin, and the black silk kerchief folded neatly over her calico dress. There was something, too, in her mild, motherly face, that would have made a poor, friendless, homeless boy, like Arthur, warm towards it. Those lips would never drop anything but kindness for any human being.

"Why, sakes alive! who have you got with you?" ejaculated the old lady, as her wondering eyes fell upon Arthur.

"It's Arthur Hale, grandma, who hasn't got any body to take care of him, for his mother died a long, long while ago, and he's run away from a dreadful man, who used to beat him every day, for just nothing at all."

The little girl's epitome of Arthur's sad story was delivered in a tone which greatly heightened its effect.

"Dear me! dear me!" repeated the old lady, and there was a suspicious twinkling of the eyes under her white cap; "come right into the house, both of you. What a dreadful plight you are in, poor child; and no mother to take care of you," she continued, surveying the boy with mingled pity and pain—for her New England love of neatness was greatly shocked at his filthy garments. "Lily, take the poor child into the shed, and show him where to wash his face, as clean as soap and water can make it, while I get him something to eat."

The beams of the dying June day looked into the kitchen of that little vine-wrapped cottage, and saw the two children as they sat before Mrs. Day's bountifully furnished table, while the good woman stood surveying them, her face radiant with satisfaction. Arthur, in whose *personelle* an entire metamorphosis had been effected by the duly chronicled soap and water, and a large check apron, which kindly concealed all the deficiencies beneath it, looked almost beautiful, with those bright, large eyes, soft and clear as twin summer stars, as they travelled from the old lady's tranquil features to those of her beautiful grandchild.

"And now, children, you may go out and play till the stars come over the hills; for, of course, Arthur won't think of leaving us to-night; and I'll see if I can't muster up some better clothes for him."

The night stars had long hung like great golden periods over the green valley of the Naugatuck, and the river, its deep heart quiet as an infant's, lay sleeping in the solemn embrace of the great hills, while the lamp-light

shone softly out of Mrs. Day's little cottage window.

It was long past the good woman's hour for retiring, but her fingers indicated no weariness, as she sat before her little round stand, busily plying her needle, while a variety of half-worn articles of clothing were scattered about her.

"That old coat of poor William's will answer nicely, if I can manage to take up the seams a little; and that straw hat's as good as new," murmured the old lady to herself.—"Those pants, too, they want a new hem, and it would take a tailor to say they wasn't bought yesterday." And between the golden night stars, the angels looked down and saw the old woman at her labor of love.

It was morning again, and the valley was "glad at his presence," and the south wind gathered up the grass of the meadows into long, green breakers, and then tore them playfully apart.

Arthur Hale and Lillias Day were walking slowly toward an angle of the road, some half mile from the home of the latter. A silence very like that of sadness had come over the two children, as they drew near the place where their paths must diverge. It was at last broken by Arthur.

"I have been thinking, Lily, of what Jack Thomas would say if he could see me now in these beautiful new clothes; I guess he'd think I was some."

"I shouldn't know you, Arty, you look so different from what you did yesterday—oh, dear! here we are at the corner, where grandma said I must stop. We shan't see each other any more."

"Yes, we shall, too," said the boy, with an earnestness that seemed almost prophetic; "I shall come back to you some day, Lily Day, as true as I live—it may be a long time, but I shall come back."

"Well, Arty, I believe you," said the girl, her blue eyes catching some of the light in her companion's. "Here is my bead purse, and it's got three dollars grandma put in it. She said I might give it to you, Arty. You'll keep it to remember me by, won't you?"

He took it and held it up so that the beads sparkled brightly in the sunshine. "Yes, Lily," he said, "and when I come back I shall bring you something, too. I'll keep the purse till then."

"Well, good bye, Arty"—her eyes were growing dim with tears—"don't forget, now, what grandma said about not walking farther

than Derby, and then taking the stage to New Haven."

"No, I shan't forget. Good bye, Lily;"—he wrapped his arms about her neck just as years ago he had wrapped them about his mother's, and pressed his lips again and again to the fair, sweet forehead. Then, without speaking another word, for his cheeks were moist with tears, he passed on, and Lillias stood at the corner of the road and watched him with her dim eyes till he was out of sight.

And so on the bright June morning those children have parted. Will their life-paths ever meet again? It was a question which neither priest, or poet, or philosopher could have answered—known only to Him who taketh not counsel of any, and who holds in His right hand the thread of all human destinies.

Eleven years had elapsed. It was a hoarse, wild evening, with stars peeping like pearls here and there out of the tangled skirts of the wind-clouds. A solitary beam of light went out into the darkness from the bed-room window of Mrs. Day's little cottage, and if you could have put aside the single breadth of white muslin, you would have seen the old lady and her grand-daughter that evening.

Sweet Lillias Day! Those eleven years had well fulfilled the promise of her childhood. The fair, delicately-chiseled features, the May-blue eyes, and the plaits of the rich, shining hair, formed altogether an exquisite Madonna-picture, and yet there was a little pensiveness about the crimson lips which made you feel, somehow, that the young girl's feet had come up through some dark shadows to the nineteenth winter of her life.

You would hardly have recognised Mrs. Day, those eleven years had so changed her whole appearance. Her dark hair was now white as December frosts, and it must have required a long experience of physical infirmity to have shrivelled those once plump cheeks, and furrowed so deeply that placid forehead, around which the light of the tallow candle dimly flickers, as she lifts her head from the pillow and answers her grandchild—"Lily, darling, do not speak of that again; it almost breaks my heart to hear you."

"But, grandma"—the young girl's voice is low and soft, albeit there is a little quiver of sadness running through it—"you see, now our cottage is gone, and the money is all spent, it is the only way that we can live. It will be very hard to leave you, I know." Here her soft fingers were wrapped closely in the old wo-

man's wrinkled ones. But it is all we can do—and then I shall come home once in every two weeks, you know. Beside that, I have learned from you that nothing can degrade us, unless we degrade ourselves, and after all you have done for me, it is but right that now, in your helpless old age, I should take your place; don't you see, grandma? They have advertised for girls in one of the Waterbury factories, and you will not say no to my going next week?"

The old lady laid back on her pillow, and the tears fell fast down her wrinkled cheeks, and the young girl struggled heroically to swallow down the great sobs that were heaving her heart.

"My darling, my pet," said the old woman, lifting up her arms and drawing the golden head to her bosom, "how can I let you go? How I shall long for a sight of your blue eyes and your bright smile, during the long lonely days, and when the night drops down, I shall listen for your step and the sound of your sweet voice, and then I shall think of you off there, tired and sad, among strangers, who can never feel or care for you!"

"But, grandma," Lilius whispered the words amid thickly-falling tears, "you know God will be there, and He can take care of me."

"I know it—I know it;" the dim eyes of the old woman kindled with new light—"Oh! remember Thy covenant with the fatherless and the widow, and keep her young feet when they go out from her home."

And in answer to the old woman's prayer, came a hush of blessed peace and love to her heart, and that of her grandchild.

Two weeks had passed. A young Southern gentleman, travelling with two of his friends through a section of New England, and being in the vicinity of Waterbury, he had visited the city for the sole purpose of having ocular demonstration of the power and extent of her far-famed manufacturing resources.

Such was the brief statement furnished by the trio of strangers to one of the proprietors of a large factory, who courteously volunteered to pioneer the gentlemen through the immense building. The strangers had gazed with mingled astonishment and admiration on the vast and complicated machinery displayed in the lower rooms, and they had now ascended to an upper apartment, where a large number of females were employed. "Well, it will be sometime before we see anything like this on our Georgia plantations—eh, Hale?" said one of the gentlemen, after his eyes had journeyed

down the row of girls on either side of the room, as he turned to his friend. But the gentleman thus addressed did not respond to the query, for at that moment his eyes lighted upon a face, which until that moment had been turned from him. A sudden change came over the fine features of the young Southerner, and his dark, lustrous eyes fastened on that sweet face with a look of intense eagerness.

"She is beautiful as an Italian picture, isn't she?" said his friend, following the young man's glance. "She would grace any of our drawing-rooms; but see here, Hale, 'twon't do to stare at her like that."

"Can you tell me, sir, the name of that young girl,—she with the golden hair and blue eyes, I mean?" asked in a low voice the young Southerner of the urbane proprietor, as they stood together in a corner of the room.

"Let's see, Lilius Day, I believe she gave it. Pretty, is she not? She has been here but a very short time. I heard something of her history the other day. She resides twenty miles below here with her grandmother; the family were once quite wealthy, but have become greatly reduced. Gentlemen, will you walk into this room?"

That noon, as Lilius Day was leaving the factory, a note was placed in her hands by the foreman, who said he had been requested to deliver it to her.

Greatly surprised, and yet her heart filled with terrible forebodings for her grandmother, she stepped to the window, and opened it. A small note drifted to the floor, but the words in an unknown hand first arrested her attention:

"LILIAS DAY:—Put up your work and go home to your grandmother. Take this and use it freely, and fear no more for the future, for while I live neither of you shall ever suffer."

A FRIEND."

Lilius' blue eyes were flooded with amazement, as, after traversing several times these lines, she lifted them from the paper. She raised the note that lay at her feet. *It was a check for two hundred dollars.*

"Ah! there goes the afternoon train. In two days it will bring Lily back," murmured old Mrs. Day to herself, as she walked painfully to the window, and looked down on the long train of cars as they swept through the white landscape, and it seemed to the old woman's dim eyes like the flight of some evil spirit with the lurid flames pouring out of its nostrils, and the great skirts of smoke lying in its wake, as it glided every day to and fro, breaking into

the hush of the quiet valley. A few moments later, and the bed-room door was opened quickly, and Lillias hung upon the old woman's neck.

"Oh, grandma! I have come back to you, never to go away again. We shall be so happy, too, for we have such a friend. And—and—" she could not consummate the sentence for the tears that were washing her cheeks.

It was the afternoon of the day after Lillias' return. There was a knock at the front door; and with a quickening of her pulse, the young girl rose up and opened it.

A young gentleman was standing there, whom Lillias remembered having seen in the factory. He lifted his hat and courteously inquired if Mrs. Day resided there.

"She does; will you walk in, sir?" retaining her self-possession.

Left alone in the little parlor, the young Southerner's dark eyes wandered eagerly about the room, as one's always do when their owner strives to identify his surroundings with some picture that has long been laid up in his memory.

But when Mrs. Day entered the room, feebly leaning on the arm of her grand-daughter, and he looked into her pale face, a shadow stole into the eyes of the stranger. "You do not recognize me, Mrs. Day," he said, after the preliminary compliments had been interchanged; "neither you or your grandchild; and yet we have all three met before. Can you not remember?" and he turned to Lillias, and there was something in his smile that it seemed to her had dwelt long in the deep places of her memory. A perplexed expression was coming over her face, when the stranger shook out a small bead purse before her, and then the name of "Arthur Hale!" broke involuntarily from her lips, followed by her grandmother's ejaculation of delighted surprise.

"Yes," continued the young Southerner, and his rich, deep tones thrilled the hearts of his hearers, "I am he whom you found homeless, and you took him in—naked, and you clothed him—hungry, and you fed him—and more than all this, you poured into his weary, wretched heart, the balm of your sweet words and loving sympathy.

"He went from you a changed being—no longer man-hating and self-despising! He reached New York, and after a year of much harsh experience, he found the uncle of whom he told you, and his sorrows were at an end. Two years since that uncle died, and left him the soul heir to his broad plantations. He told you, Lily Day, on that summer morning when

he parted from you, and your blue eyes were filled with tears, that sooner or later he should come back to you. Behold! he has redeemed his promise!"

Lillias tried to answer him, but the words died in her throat, and placing her hands before her face, the tears she could not restrain dropped warm and fast through her fingers, and then, low and solemn through the silence, came the voice of her grandmother: "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

When May, that sweet poetess of the Spring, began to write out her beautiful fancies on the hills and meadows, there was a wedding in the little cottage "among the hills." Very beautiful looked Lillias Day, with the white May roses in her golden hair, as she went out from her New England home the bride of the rich Southerner, Arthur Hale.

NYMPHÆES.

BY ERNESTINE FITZGERALD.

'Tis only where God planteth sure, the lilies are secure;

Ours rested on a lakelet cool before our rustic door. They blossomed there through summer heats, and through the autumn's chill,

And made themselves as much at home as the lilies round the sill.

But alas! there came one April day a flood that swept away

The bank that to our starry pond had made an earthly stay!

Now where are our dear lilies gone? We did one morn awake,

Not this alone, dismayed, to ask,—but where is gone our lake?

Still in their cherished tomb lives memories of their departed bloom,

As from their flood-washed gravelly grave—thus mindful of their doom,

We make us clean and winding paths through old, neglected grounds,

And find, tho' flower and lake are gone, pure beauty yet abounds.

For we have faith—the Christian's faith, emerging out of death,

That somewhere do our lilies dear pour out their fragrant breath:

And as we tread the wave-washed bed, we say, earth be our path

Unto a home where naught shall come such evanescence hath!

COUSIN EMILY.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

"Look there now, will you? What is the meaning of all those lights yonder in the old mansion house?" suddenly exclaimed my cousin Emily, who had drawn aside the window curtain, and had been for some time gazing out into the star-lit night. We all obeyed her direction. By all, meaning myself, brother Edwin and Frank Harris, my only cousin by my mother's side, a young man pursuing his medical studies under the direction of my father, who was a physician.

"Those lights!" said Frank sarcastically. "don't you know they are but the reflection from the windows of Masonic Hall? Haven't you heard the tramp of fifty feet or more on the pavement in the last hour, and some are, no doubt, lingering yet, whose owners will have a jolly time till into the small hours."

"To be sure," said I. "You have noticed it yourself a hundred times, every Wednesday night. No doubt, though, you would like for us to think some ghosts were prowling in the old house, that you might have an opportunity of showing off your usual wonderful courage, by 'bearding them in their den.'"

"Exactly my idea, little cousin," said Emily.

"If I possess the quality you allow me, you surely are gifted with the no less uncommon faculty of divination of thought and purpose. Now tell me what you think I am seriously resolving at this particular moment?" Before I could reply, Edwin said:

"O, any body who is not smart, and who knows any thing of you, Miss Emily—my respected and most heroic cousin—can easily, and without hint, conjecture."

"Nothing more or less than to lead us all off on a wild goose chase to the mansion house, in this time of the dead o' night," said Frank.

Emily's face shone full of mischievousness, as she said with mock gravity: "I declare to you two very wise Solomons, and to you, lady Solomon, that I do not propose myself leader of cowards at present. But this I *do* propose, and I know it is what none of you would *dare* perform: When the light darkens at Masonic Hall, and we are sure the last pedestrian has passed our door, I will go over alone to the old house, enter, close the door, and remain five minutes; and this without experiencing a single thrill of fear."

"Emily, you do not dare to do that at this late hour. Nothing would tempt me to do such a thing," said I, already nervous and alarmed.

"We all know that—we do not expect it of you," she returned. "But as for me, I am resolved. What is the use of having a brave and fearless spirit, if one is never to put it to the test?"

We all attempted to dissuade her, though with slight hope of success; for with Emily, resolution was invariably followed by performance. The old mansion house was a very large old building, of more than half a century's standing, situated many rods from the main road, in our country village, and nearly opposite our own dwelling; the Masonic Hall, to which it was exactly opposite, being next door above us. It had been originally designed for a hotel; but for a long time afterward had been used as a boarding establishment, while the literary and scientific institution enjoyed its palmy days. But latterly, both institution and boarding house were numbered among the things that were—the former having been overcome in a contest of rivalry with that of a neighboring town. The boarding house, or mansion house, which was its proper name, was full of windows, from some of which suspended half-hinged, shattered blinds, while others, destitute of blinds or panes of glass, admitted light "to make the darkness visible"—the doors creaked dismally upon their hinges, the slightest noise within or around was echoed with frightful distinctness; in short, we "young people" were beginning to talk about having a "haunted house" among us.

When the clock struck eleven, Emily glanced out of the window, and everything appearing favorable, she hastened to her chamber, from which she presently returned, to our amazement, arrayed in her white silk hat and cashmere shawl.

"O, Emily!" I said, seizing her by the arm, "do not enter at this unseasonable, improper hour, upon any of your mad freaks."

"Hush, little one," she answered, "I shall not hurt any one; don't trouble yourself—just you all watch me from the window, and see if I don't enter the house; count by the clock five minutes that I will remain there. If any

thing *should* happen to me, for instance if a little elf should spirit me away, I wager a sixpence, not one of you would have courage to seek me. *Nous verrons.*" Leaving us, she tarried a moment to explain. "You perceive, gentlemen, and my lady, that I wished to do honor to their excellencies, my anticipated hosts. I would not insult them by my cape bonnet and highland plaid. I shall be received deferentially, and most courtly. Your most obedient," and curtsying lowly, and exceedingly gracefully, too, she withdrew. We stationed ourselves at the windows, Frank at one, and Edwin, with myself, at the other; for I must confess I did not dare even to stand alone, and could not sufficiently marvel at Emily's indifference to fear. We heard her steps upon the frozen ground for a considerable distance, and by the bright starlight saw her approach the front door. We even heard faintly the sound of the heavy knocker, which she first lifted before entering. Then we saw the door close behind her.

"O, Edwin!" I said presently, "do let us follow her. She is only showing off for our astonishment and admiration. She must really fear."

"I do not admire such courage, such *useless* courage, at least; courage so uselessly displayed, I must say, in a woman, too," said Frank, who was in love with my most intimate friend, little Rosa Linn, who was even more a coward than myself.

"Courage!" ejaculated Edwin, "I don't see it in that light; what is there to fear? No earthly thing can harm her. For my part, I do not see anything unwomanly in such a playful whim as this of Emily's. It only shows how free she is from superstition and prejudice, and what a brave spirit she has to go through the world with. I like it—I admire it. You, Minnie, you are afraid of an echo in the dark—fancy paints for you a frightful phantom—a mouse might become your murderer."

"And so you hold me in supreme contempt; let me go then," I said, releasing myself from his arms which had been shieldingly encircling me.

"Have you courage to stand alone by my side? O, wonderful little woman that you are. I shall expect some astonishing feat of bravery to come, in proposal, at least, from your lips. Perhaps you will even dare bring me a glass of water from the stand. What a Caesar my little sister would have made!" I disdained a reply, and, after a few moments, Frank broke the silence, by proposing to go in pursuit of

the brave girl; for he suddenly added: "It is time for your father to return, and he would very properly discourage such midnight rambling as this." I speedily equipped myself, and we started. I confess that I shook with cold and fear, as we stood upon the granite doorsteps of the old house. Frank remained with me, while Edwin entered. To his repeated call of Emily's name, however, there came no answer, save echoes that struck my ear appallingly.

"Provoking girl," muttered Frank. Soon from the upper hall came Edwin's voice:

"Emily, if you are here, you may stay, for aught we care. We are going home, and shall take no farther trouble on your account—you having left us without provocation. Let this advertisement warn you, for here we go."

We returned slowly, after casting backward glances, hoping she would call after us, and gathered around the fire in the sitting-room, for it was a chilly October night, and sat in silence to listen, but the hoarse hooting of an owl in the distance was all we heard. Suddenly the wheels of a carriage broke the silence, and my father rode into the yard. We at once informed him of Emily's last freak, much to our chagrin and discomfiture, for we felt a complicity therein, although we failed in our endeavors to prevent it. He considered it foolish, thoughtless and highly imprudent, but it was so unisant with Emily's peculiarities, that he did not take it at all seriously.

"She will return when she discovers that you are done looking for her. She must have heard my carriage, and will know we shall soon retire. For myself, I feel sufficiently fatigued, and if you will bring me a mouthful of something to eat, Minnie, for I have had no supper, I will seek some sleep; for when did I sleep last?"

Scarcely had my father finished these words, when steps were heard, and the door-bell rang.

"It is Emily—if she waits for ceremonies, she will not enter to-night," said my father, placing his feet in his slippers, when again the bell was jerked with so furious a hand as to threaten its ruin, to prevent which Edwin hastened to the door.

"Is the doctor in?" said a youthful voice, in an eager yet weary accent. It proved to be that of a little fatherless boy, who had walked a distance of four miles from the country, in search of the doctor for his sick mother. My father called him in, and made him sit by the fire, until, after a few preparations, he should be ready to go. He told him he should ride

with him, for which I was so thankful; for my heart was warmed for the brave little fellow, who had walked all that weary distance, whose eye grew moist, and whose lips quivered, as he intelligently answered father's inquiries about his sick mother. Yes, it was with a kind of love and reverence that I looked upon him, as he sat there in his plain but neat clothes, the brown hair clustering over his fair forehead, and his blue eye full of such a light and beauty as promises every thing for purity and excellence of soul. How strange it was! I felt almost irresistibly inclined to lay my hand upon his head in blessing, and tell him how my heart yearned toward him, for the love he bore his mother. He had seen scarce twelve summers then—that number is doubled now, and he has become an eloquent “preacher of glad tidings,” to which his widowed mother is a gratified listener.

To return to Emily. As father left us he said we had better take a lantern, and search the old house for her. He was quite sure she was only prolonging her freak, in order to alarm us; but she might have fallen down stairs—at any rate, it was better to be on the safe side. I had become so much excited that whether I should remain, and call up Bridget, the housemaid, to keep me company, or whether I should accompany my brother and cousin Frank in search of Emily. I should, in either case, pass every moment in a quiver of fear. But recollecting that Irish Bridget, with all her superstition and faith in supernatural visitations, would prove precious poor company—I determined to go. We waited many minutes after father's departure, listening vainly for the sound of her returning footsteps. Then with a lantern we sallied forth.

As Edwin threw open the wide, heavy door, which creaked dismally, and echoed more dismally, and we entered the broad hall, a remembrance of the numberless scenes of terror in the haunted castles of Mrs. Radcliffe, recurred to me, with startling vividness. As Frank and Edwin, however, went fearlessly forward, examining room after room, my courage revived somewhat, and I so far controlled myself as to give no expression to my fear. But we saw no sign of Emily, nor received a reply to our earnest and repeated calls.

Leaving the chamber, we descended by the kitchen stairway, and, to our surprise, found the back entrance door wide open. Without doubt she had passed through here; then it occurred to us that she might, long ere this, have entered our house in the same manner by

the back entrance, and, for aught we knew, be in her own room, making herself merry at our expense. This idea comforted us greatly, and amused us infinitely, till we proved its falsity by immediate search.

Then it occurred to us, that she might have gone to some of the neighbors, for the purpose of mystifying us completely. The more we dwelt upon it, the more we became convinced that such was the case. At any rate, we must await the morning—we had done all we could.

The sun was up, and breakfast nearly ready, when father came in from his country trip. He was amazed to learn that Emily was still absent. He made minute inquiries concerning her words and conduct previous to her flight. When informed of her disappearing in her silk hat and cashmere shawl, a gleam of intelligence passed over his countenance, quite unaccountable. “Edwin,” said he, after a moment's deliberation, “go, tell Thomas to ride old Grey to H—, immediately, and to tell Harry I wish to see him directly,—if he is there.”

“O,” said I, laughing, “you think he can find Emily, if she is to be found, do you?”

“I do not always tell what I think,” he said, sternly—quite unnecessarily so, I thought, for the occasion. Retiring at once to his study, he locked himself therein; and though he had been deprived of sleep for two nights past, and had not eaten one regular meal in the interim, we could not persuade him to join us at breakfast. Scarcely any thing was tasted, indeed, for the sudden mood that had come over father alarmed us, as it was seldom or never we had seen him so disturbed. His tread, up and down his study, constant, untiring, ceased not till Thomas returned, bearing the intelligence that Harry was not to be found in H—. His office was locked, and at his boarding-house he had been told, that he had rode out of town the previous evening. Upon hearing this, my father turned pale, evidently both from sorrow and anger, and pressing his hand to his forehead, said vehemently: “Yes, it is so—it is so!”

“What is it, father; dear father, what is so?—please tell us,” I said to him, entreatingly.

“You will know soon enough, child; soon enough.” And he retired again to his study.

I should have said before that Harry was my eldest brother, a promising young lawyer, who had recently “put up his shingle” in a neighboring town. I could not understand—I was always dull of comprehension—how my father should have resolved to seek his assistance in pursuit of Emily; for they had long been lovers.

Harry and my cousin, and would long ago have been husband and wife, had not my father, with all his might, opposed and forbidden it—only on the ground, however, of the near relationship of the parties. “Never, never will I call daughter, the child of my own brother;” he had often been heard to say.

I joined Edwin and Frank in the piazza. To a remark of mine, Edwin said, rather than replied, “It is evident father thinks he knows all about it, or he would have ordered another search. Haven’t you a suspicion, Minnie?” Now Edwin looked wondrously knowing, while I was perfectly in the dark, and quite wretched in my darkness.

“Have you a suspicion?” I questioned; “if so, how can you keep it from me?”

“A suspicion!” said Frank, his face all aglow; “does it need more, after the light your father, unconsciously gave us this morning to give ‘confirmation strong’? My brother and cousin exchanged significant glances.

“What do you mean; how can you be so cruel as not to tell me at once every conjecture you can possibly form?” As I spoke, I shaded my eyes with my hands, to glance at a coming carriage, when O, joy! who should alight at our gate, but the lost cousin Emily, and my dear eldest brother Harry! We gave them most glad greetings, though mine had in it somewhat of the “soid.” “How could you give us such a fright, and how could you, Emily, walk in the night clear to H—, and didn’t you even think of the gross and unlady-like impropriety of the whole affair.”

“Dear, innocent little sister;” said Edwin, smiling very knowingly.

“Ah! Mimie,” said Harry, caressing me with all a brother’s fondness, “you did indeed lose your cousin, but have gained a sister—is it not a happy exchange? My wife—brother Edwin—cousin Frank; don’t be revengeful now for the trouble and vexation we have caused you, for I am here the lawful champion of my lady, who is to be the bearer of no blame.”

As they entered the house, I perceived that Emily’s customary boldness availed her not now, and even Harry’s excessive gaiety seemed forced. I dreaded, and I knew that they were dreading, the meeting with father. Our voices of surprise and congratulation had attracted him to the sitting room. There was no anger now in his countenance, but much of sorrow, as he met us with dignity. Harry, taking Emily’s hand, advanced to meet him, when he took their clasped hands in both of his, and looking at them tenderly, said tremblingly, yet impres-

sively: “My children, never will you know the bitterness of that sorrow, which your conduct has brought to your father’s heart. It is not well—O, it is not well, to treat a loving parent thus! I opposed your marriage sternuously, but conscientiously; for you seemed to me indeed but little less than brother and sister;—but had I dreamed of this course, this wrong, disgraceful stratagem—as I must term it—you should have had my consent. As it is, you have still my love and forgiveness; and I sincerely pray God’s blessing be upon you—upon you, Harry, child of my heart, and upon you, Emily, child of my once beloved brother, now child of my heart, also.”

Harry and Emily were overcome. Both wept bitter tears, that they should have so misunderstood and wronged one who so forgave and loved them. They made humble acknowledgements, and promised love and obedience for the remainder of their lives.

All now was explained why Emily wished to do honor to the ghosts in her white hat; why, a week previously, she had insisted upon having her new party dress of white tarlatan, instead of blue, like mine, (and which became an inmate of the mansion house the night before the elopement;) why she that night, of all the nights in the world, took particular observation of the dancing lights across the way, and made them a stepping-stone to leaving us so unceremoniously; how it had been arranged before hand, that Harry should meet her at the old house, whence they should escape by the back entrance, down to the foot of a hill, where a carriage should be in waiting; and how, after arriving at aunt Lucy’s, two miles from our home, they should stand up before her husband, uncle Eldred, who was a justice of the peace, and be married! And now there only remained to be told that Aunt Lucy, having more of romance than of correct judgment in her nature, had taken the part of the lovers, had consented to the elopement, and had a grand wedding dinner awaiting our good pleasure at her house. So, after a good deal of hurry and confusion, with emotions of joy and sorrow, those of joy for the most part prevailing, we all started off in high glee; all but father, who was really too ill with headache and nervousness to leave, but who assured us he would follow in good time to partake of the nuptial feast. He was not willing to be absent, lest that absence should be attributed to feelings of unkindness and irreconciliation. He was one of those rare persons, who did his best to submit always gracefully to the inevitable. We had a very

merry time Aunt Lucy and Uncle Eldred, still youthful in feeling, and Harry and Emily making the house resound with merriment and jest. But father was very sober. He exceedingly regretted that an "elopement" should ever have transpired in his family; for he dearly loved to "have all things done decently and in order."

Some four years afterward, when Harry and Emily came to visit us, as we all sat together on the piazza,—little Harry, a sturdy boy of three, rolling marbles with his grandpa, and little Emma, upon all-fours, stretching her plump hand for a stray one that had rolled

within her reach,—Emily said to father, with a quiver in her voice, "Harry and I can understand now in a degree, the wrong against you which we committed at the time of our marriage, when we reflect how full of bitterness would be a repetition of that offence, to us, in our children."

"Learn also," said my father, solemnly, "in affairs of the heart to lay upon them no inexorable command. Earnest affectionate advice and reasonable counsel go farther in such cases than positive prohibitions; for the latter are but too apt to arouse only a spirit of rebellion. Most fortunate are those cases in which, like this, come no after regrets."

THE LETTER.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

On the long expected letter,
In the dear familiar hand!
Twice a thousand miles it's traversed
O'er the waters and the land.
Bring my rocking-chair and scissors,
Watch the baby, close the door!
Let me have no interruptions,
Till I've read it twice or more!

Now, I warrant me, he wrote it
In a business study brown!
For the "Mrs." looks like "Messrs."
And the stamp is upside down!
Pity he's so careless—giving
All his lines an up-hill turn;
Yet, I think the sign's a good one—
Let me open it and learn.

"Yours received,"—a fair beginning;
"Health improved"—good news indeed!
"Quite contented,"—that's but so-so:
"Time flies swiftly," ah! I heed!
"Fishing, gunning,"—pooh! I warrant
When he shoots, a man will fall!
"Cuisine charming,"—"pic-nics, ladies,"—
Exclamation-points and all!

Really, sir, this *looks* like business
In a somewhat novel line!
In my next, I'll surely tell him
Of that charming trip of mine.
Of the steamer's mirth and music,
Forfeit games, and dancing free,
And the moonlight promenading,
Of the "merrie companie!"

Ah! what's this? "Were you but with me;"
"Darling children—dolls and drums;"
"Parquet with splendid feathers;"
What a Babel when he comes!
"Isle St. Mary,—lovely sunsets,"—
There's a poet lost in him!
"Lonely Sabbaths—weary absence;"—
"Home, sweet home," is blurred and dim.

"Love"—"farewell;"—would it were double.
Choicest blessing crown the man
Who, inspired of good, invented
The epistolary plan!
Bless the ship, the car, the mail-coach,
Bless the hands, where'er they be,
That have brought this little missive
Twice a thousand miles to me!

THE CELANDINE.

PEERING from 'neath thy leaves of green,
In early spring thy flower is seen;
And bright thy yellow petals shine,
Thou pretty little Celandine.

On mossy banks thou lov'st to dwell,
Or hidden in some quiet dell
Thou bloomest on, till summer flowers
Breathe the perfume in the leafy bowers.

Sweet flower, what memories thou dost bring,
When life seemed but one joyous spring;
When through the woods with mirth half wild,
I strayed, a gay and thoughtless child.

And now my youth has taken wing,
Still do I love thee, flower of spring;
For now thou speak'st of "joys to come,"
Eternal in my Father's Home.

THE FAULTY HEART AND THE STAMMERING TONGUE.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

"O, now, Maggie, why will you be always thinking of that stammering Dickie O'Neill? What matter is it whether he is to be to the frolic or not? There'll be enough more there, rest ye assured."

"I know—I know, Bridgy. I only asked be——"

"Yes, yes, ye only asked because ye wanted to know. And ye're only blushing, now, as ye're always sure to blush when that stuttering body is mentioned. You are a silly girl, Mag, that's what you are, to be so cold to Pete Hannigan, who's a'most dying for ye this blessed minit; and whose nice farm is full of good things he'd be glad to offer your own self, if ye'd only give him the least bit of encouragement. Well, well, every body has their own taste, to-be-sure." And with a dignified toss of the head, Maggie's friend drew her bonnet-strings together, preparatory to bringing her call to a close.

"O, Bridget!" said the pleading voice of the accused, "don't blame me so. You do not know how bad a heart Pete Hannigan has got. If you'd only heard him speak to his poor, old, blind mother, as I did once, ye'd never be the one to say such words to me. I know Dickie has a faltering tongue; but—but, Bridgy, he's got a good heart of his own, that's fuller of good than any body's farm." And, half frightened at what she had said, the blushing girl bent lower over her ironing, to hide the tears her full soul pressed to her eyes.

Bridget's Irish heart melted instantly. With genuine repentance, she threw her arms around Maggie's neck and begged forgiveness:

"O, never you mind, darlin', what I said. I'm forever saying the wrong thing. There's enough that would be proud of your love, dear, but your own clear heart will guide ye right. And I might have remembered that, too, before I went to blaming you with my foolish tongue."

Maggie, no doubt, remembered that, "to err is human, to forgive, divine," when she gave her hand in token of reconciliation. She wiped away her tears, and carefully folding the shirt she had finished ironing, laid it away, while a heavy sigh escaped her, as if from weariness; though the absent look betrayed another cause.

"We'll go early, wont we?" said Bridget as she lifted the door latch.

"Yes," replied Maggie, pensively.

"And you will wear your blue cambrie dress?"

"Yes."

"And I'll wear mine. Good bye, Maggie, dear."

"Good bye."

A kiss, and the friends parted until evening.

"Bright shown the lights" o'er Ireland's sons and daughters. And if the rustling of silks was not there, that broad, old kitchen resounded to happier sounds. There were blushing maidens there, and hopeful swains; and music and dancing, and coquetting. And, if all was not done in the most refined style, there was as much good motive and purity, as the most conscientious and delicate could have desired.

Away in one corner were Bridget and Maggie. And in close proximity were the Dickie O'Neil and Pete Hannigan, about whom they had contended in the morning.

The friends had worn their blue cambric dresses, according to agreement. And if they were not cut precisely after "the last Paris fashion," they, nevertheless, did credit to the industrious hands that made them. And the deep falls of cotton lace were just as delicious, in the eyes of their numerous admirers, as the richest blonde would have been.

There was one among the crowd that night, whose entrance had hushed, for a little time, the voice of mirth, and given rise to many a feeling of pity in the warm hearts that beat there. It was a blind sister of Dickie O'Neil's!

"She wanted to come," he was saying to Maggie, "and I told mother if she would let her, I'd see that no harm came upon her."

"I ought to brought my old, blind mother," said Hannigan, drawing down his chin, with a chuckling laugh.

"And many's the thing you could 'a done worse," tartly added Bridget, his late defender.

The young farmer, failing to excite ridicule against his hated rival, cast an angry glance at Bridget, and turning to O'Neil, continued:

"'Tis a hard time you must have of it to feed so many mouths, and only your two hands to work with. You must find you a wife who will bring you some land to live upon."

"I would not have a wi-wife for the land

she would bring me," blushing replied O'Neil, "I love to work for the dear ones at home. and we always have e-enough and to spare."

"'Tis sildom a frolic ye can attind, though, for want or money," bitterly replied Hannigan, reddening with vexation.

"O, fie upon you, Pete Hannigan," again chimed in Bridget, "to be spaking sich words to the like of Dickie O'Neil. He's got a big, warm heart of his own, that's worth a thousand times more'n your few acres of cold land. And I know," she added slowly, "of some one else who thinks—." But an imploring glance from Maggie caused her to stop.

An angry light was burning in Hannigan's eyes. But he dared not say what he wanted to, because of Maggie's presence, whose face was red with confusion—the shade of satisfaction upon it being perceptible only to the saucy Bridget.

A sudden relief for all came at this moment. A soft, pleasant voice was calling, "Dickie!"

"Yes, Mary," answered the brother. And the young man was at his sister's side in a moment.

"I left you a long time," was the brother's kind remark. "I did not consider how quickly the time passed."

"O, no, it was not long. I have not been lonely. I have been talking with the girls, and but just stopped to listen for your voice—I did not hear it, so I spoke. But what is the matter, Dickie—how hot your hand is!"

"O, nothing—I guess your's is co-cold—that's all. I'll lead you to the fire."

The sister strained her sightless orbs, as if to look in her brother's face. But it was in vain, and she contented herself to be led by him where he chose.

It was a pleasing sight, for those who had hearts to appreciate it, to see that young man leading about his blind sister, and trying to amuse her, carefully guiding her steps, and stopping where he thought she would be pleased. He did not leave her many times to join in the merriment. Only once more, for the sake of leading Maggie into the whirling dance, he left her, seating her where the sound of the music would fall the most pleasantly upon her sensitive ear. When he went back to her, Bridget again heard Hannigan trying to ridicule him, which so roused her indignation that she longed for an opportunity to tell him how detestable he was. To appease her wrath she managed to give him a disagreeable shove whenever they passed and re-passed each other, during the mysterious changes of the dance. And he, vexed with her impudence, at length made it

convenient to catch one of the brass buttons of his coat into one of the flowing ruffles of her dress, and did not stop his forward movement until the dainty trimming was shorn of all its beauty.

Bridget's wailing was long and hearty, at this disfigurement of her favorite blue. The dance was stopped, and hosts of sympathizing friends crowded around her.

"Never you mind, darling," said one.

"It can shurely be mended as good as new," comfortably added another.

"Accidents will happen," gravely remarked a third.

"I'll help you to fix it to-morrow," whispered Maggie, who had an indistinct idea that it was not all an accident.

And so Bridget was comforted, at length, and the dance went on; though not until she had called Hannigan a miserable, old piece of awkwardness, and declared that he "wasn't fit to dance with the dacent girls."

"That's more'n you can prove, Miss Bridget," was his retort. And so the matter was settled for that night; each, however, vowing future vengeance upon the other.

"Like all things lovely," the frolic had its ending. Groups formed, here and there, around the heaps of bonnets and cloaks, that had been laid up carefully in divers places, to be out of the way. The young men cast eager glances around, each intent to secure his favorite for the homeward walk.

Hannigan's head rose high above those around him, as he threaded his way industriously towards the spot where Maggie's voice was heard.

But Maggie—artful girl! was manœuvring with all a women's adroitness to keep out of his way. Did he approach in one direction, something was sure to claim her attention in another. And, when, by rapid movements, he at length managed to face her, she suddenly remembered something she had forgotten to say to a friend across the room. She was relieved from her exertions, at last, by hearing a pleasant voice over her shoulder, asking:

"May I go ho-home with you, Maggie?"

"Yes, Dickie," was the prompt reply.

Placing his blind sister where no harm would be likely to befall her, O'Neil bade her wait his return; and then triumphantly walked away with the only one that the well-to-do farmer cared to gallant home. Deep and bitter were the curses that followed the fortunate rival; but they did not rob him of Maggie's love, or the sweet pleasure of having her by his side.

How those full hearts unburthened themselves, during that moonlight walk, is not necessary for us to know. But, we are sure that both experienced a full satisfaction ere they parted at Maggie's door.

"O! Maggie, Maggie, I'm so glad of your choice," said Bridget, as they sat busily drawing together the broken meshes of torn lace. "It was a poor fool that I was, to be sure, to want you to have that mean, wicked fellow, who has no good word to say of any one. It would be a sorry life he would lead you, honey, with your kind heart that's always making you do somebody some good." And, stopping for breath, Maggie's friend wiped away the tears that were falling fast upon the shining cambric.

"I knew, Bridget, you would despise him, as I do, when you come to see him more. But, indeed, I'm far from wishing any harm to him, and hope he may yet be taken in the right way."

"He wouldn't see it, dear, if he was, for he is always looking for bad. *Only to think*, of his making fun of Dickie, because he had his poor, blind sister there, who had as good a right as any body to have her heart made glad with the sounds of our frolic. No, no, never a good thought could stay with that Pete Hannigan, I dare declare! But come, tell me, Mag, that's a darlin'—is it settled that you and Dickie will be married soon?"

"Yes, Bridget, I may as well tell you, for you'll know all about it before long," replied Maggie, thoughtfully.

"You'll never tell him what I said about him yesterday morning, will you, dear?"

"No—I guess not."

"Well, it's nothing, after all—his stammering. It's only once in the while a word; and then he always says just what he wants to, at last, and it's always something good, too—so where's the difference?"

"Indeed, Maggie, I don't believe he'll stammer so much now, that he knows you love him. I dare say he's always felt embarrassed like, when he was near you; but now he'll feel more free, and talk easier."

"Yes, he did last night, Bridget. He bid me 'good bye,' and told me when he would come and see me, just as well as you or I. And, O, Bridget, he's so good! Now, that's the thing, after all, isn't it?" And again the cambric dress was saved from being soiled, only by its polished surface, over which the friends' tears glided, an offering at each other's feet.

"There, it's all as good as ever now," said Bridget, holding up the mended garment, triumphantly.

"Yes; it'll never show a bit where it was torn."

"And I can wear it to your wedding, Maggie."

"And I hope there'll be nobody there that'll tear it again!"

"Always wishing a good wish, sure, it's you that deserves a good husband." And throwing her arms around Maggie's neck, the friends promised everlasting constancy to each other, whatever the future might make of change for them.

THE THREE BELLS.

BY A. D.

FIRST BELL

SEE the golden sun

From the east ascending,

Hear the matin bells

With the wood notes blending.

The thrifty bee hath gone to work;

The fish are sporting in the brook;

Birds their nests are busy building;

Hark the bells again are pealing:

Awake—arise—and earnestly,

Begin the duties of the day.

SECOND BELL.

Now like a fount of fire

The sun at mid-day seemeth.

Bright and warm rays,

Down on earth he beameth.

From the hardy laborer's brow,

Streams of sweat are falling now.

But hark—again the bells do call.

Cease from labor, rest ye all,

Partake of that which strength imparts,

With simple, joyful, grateful hearts.

THIRD BELL.

Golden light is spread

O'er the western billows;

Stars are glancing out

From the ether o'er us;

Pearly dew is hanging

On the little flowers;

The whippoorwill is singing

In the leafy bowers;

And hark the bells again do call,

Cease from labor, rest ye all;

Let each one's footsteps to his home be bent,

Refreshed, the evening sacrifice present.

Then as the Lord to his beloved gives

Such be your sleep;

And angels loving, bright and strong,

Guard o'er you keep.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

BY F. FAUNT LE ROY.

In the winter of 1838-9, a youth, by the name of Frederick Farlington, was sent for the purpose of learning the mercantile business, to a prosperous merchant, who was established in the town of S—, in north eastern Virginia, on the Potomac river—a Mr. William Webber. Frederick's kind and excellent mother had agreed to the arrangement, upon condition that her son would receive every proper treatment; which she surely had a right to expect, as Webber was her step-son.

Frederick belonged to one of the old families of Virginia, and had been bred in a tender manner—was a youth of noble spirit, and impulses, knowing nothing but duty and honor. He bade his friends adieu for the first time, and anticipated at the end of his journey, which was performed in bitter cold weather, a meeting with one who would regard him as a brother. He went out into the world from his mother's smile with warm and trusting affections, and a heart the most refined and sensitive. But at the very threshold he felt the disappointment of a frigid reception, where he had only expected warmth and good feeling. He looked for sunshine, but was chilled by a winter blast that almost froze his young and tender heart.

It was the habit of this unfeeling and sordid merchant to avoid all communication with the boys under his charge, except on business—to show the tyrant, and make them feel, not that he was their friend, but their master. Money was his idol, and he worshipped at no other shrine. In his large establishment he felt himself a sovereign, and seemed to regard his young employees as mere serfs. He rapidly amassed wealth. Fickle fortune often smiles on unprincipled men. As his coffers filled, his vanity and tyranny increased; and he fancied he was beyond the reach of any reverse.

Kindness on his part would have kindled Frederick's love, and drawn forth that diligence and faithfulness, which spring from a satisfied and enlisted heart. As it was, the youth was disappointed and filled with resentment, and only performed what stern duty required at his hands.

Business men are too often blind to such truth. Tyrants ought to know that they can "get more work out of" a boy by pursuing a humane course towards him. They have no rea-

son to expect faithful toil in exchange for heartless cruelty.

Frederick worked on with little spirit or pleasure. But at length Webber's ill treatment reached to such an intolerable degree, that the youth, unable to bear it longer, returned home.

And here he was like a freed bird—was happy to escape the thralldom in which his tenderest feelings had known the shock of coldness and distrust, and where he had learned only to perform the drudgery of a large mercantile house, and do the bidding of a Shylock. His ambitious spirit led him to pursue a rigid course of study under a learned and affectionate uncle. After the lapse of two years and more, in which period he had greatly cultivated his mental powers, he entered upon the study of the law, and continued diligently to thread the labyrinth of jurisprudence for three years. He then repaired to a law school, where he won the esteem of the able and excellent professors, and at the end of the course, graduated with honor to himself. Proud of his degree of "Bachelor of Laws," he again returned home; and after a sojourn of several months, took an affectionate farewell of mother, sisters and brothers, intending to seek his fortune in the sunny clime and promising State of Texas. Wherever he went, he never failed to win the respect of honorable persons.

After several years of practice in his profession, he was elected, in an extensive district, to an office of high trust and responsibility, by a large majority, over a competitor who had received large favors by the suffrages of the people. One of his supporters who was not personally acquainted with him, on being introduced, said, "Sir, it was your good name that elected you." He has since been solicited by numerous leading men to become a candidate for a high judicial position, which he had reason to decline. But he has never in his life-journey had the aid of wealth.

Not a great while since Frederick learned that Webber had failed in business—had fallen from his high estate, and had become a poor clerk, in some mercantile house in Baltimore or Philadelphia.

Now let us look at the change in the fortunes of the two persons, and the difference between

the honest young man and the unprincipled tyrant. The former steadily advanced, without fortune, by the force of firm resolution and sound moral character; and the latter, on account of his meanness, in spite of fortune, fell into poverty and disgrace. Frederick is now a successful lawyer, moving in the best society and highly respected, with the prospect of still greater elevation and success; and Webber, once a rich merchant, is now an humbled and miserable clerk, nodding, it may be, to the com-

mand of a master, as despotic and unprincipled as himself has been.

This simple story many afford encouragement to young men who depend upon their own energies and pure character for advancement in life; and shows that the adventitious influence and power of bloated wealth, without steady moral principle, cannot save from disaster.

How often it is proved, but how hard for the world to believe, that honesty is the best policy!

OUR NEW LITERATI.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

NO. 1. — RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

We are not of them who believe that poetry has utterly degenerated. Further, we are not yet convinced that it is in reality degenerating, despite the denials of the whole band of loud-mouthed gentlemen who pretend to do duty at the door of Parnassus. Criticism, in its most generous moods, in this wonderfully acute nineteenth century, has not yet learned to accord a height and breadth and depth of excellence to a poet not dead and slept for ages in his grave. The dust of the past is the inexorable god it worships, until any other standard of appreciation has become a simple impossibility. It may be all well enough to allow Shakspeare and Milton the peerless crown, and to award to Chaucer and Spenser an extravagant praise for the exaltation to which they advanced the muse in the morn of English poetry; but in the face of this it may be as well to remember that all our gods were hackled most unceremoniously in the flesh; that Chaucer and Dante were still less tolerated in their day and generation, than are an hundred poets in ours; and that even Milton was snubbed on the appearance of his second great work—and by a wonderfully profound critic, too—as an old blind schoolmaster who had written another tedious poem, which could claim merit only on the strength of its length. And what did contemporary criticism say of Dryden and Pope, and Tasso and Shelley, and Byron and Keats? Individually and collectively they were shown the door, out of which they passed into—oblivion, wrote the reviews; immortality, shouted the world. Reflecting on the insignificant figure the whole catalogue of immortals, cut in

their own day, and feeling so assured that our fathers entertained angels unaware, may we not then lay the lie to that self-sufficient assertion which denounces the present age not only as unpoetic to a degree, but as the least imbued with the poetic fire of any age since that really barren period, the middle of the last century, and as having not yet produced one poet that will be heard of a century hence? May we not trust, that more than one Milton of the year of grace two thousand is among us, neither mute nor altogether inglorious? We hold fast to the faith.

The poetic element is confined to no period or place. The rude, untutored savage feels the glow of the divine flame within his breast alike with the lettered and refined; and to presume that amid the brilliant realities of the present day there exists no evidence of the one crowning glory which characterized epochs far less fitted for its adornment, is simply absurd.—Utilitarianism is stamped on the face of things in our age, and perhaps is suggestive of a deficiency in those finer harmonies of life and experience which seek their utterance in the sympathies of the poet and his co-laborers; but the years when Milton groped down to his blindness, unheard and unseen; and

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth,"

as well, were certainly no better signalized with those streaming processes by which the current of thought is said to be stimulated into a species of intellectual revolution, than our own. So that a single step will give us the inference that the more sound and really useful are the characteristics of an age, so, as in the laws

which govern the artist and the architect, in common with the common-place plodder through dull rules and stiff lines, is there a necessity for the employment of some art to give grace and finish to the handiwork—a vital spirit to infuse true beauty into the otherwise inharmonious elements conditioning them, and remodelling them according to its pleasure. We do not doubt that certain periods have been influenced by a more decided poetic susceptibility than others. This is evidenced in the history of English poetry, which Coleridge classifies into three distinct sections; characterizing the first period—reaching from Chaucer to Dryden—as a period of youth, health, outburst and vigor; the second—extending from Dryden to the close of the eighteenth century—as a period of cleverness, conceit, foppiness, flippancy and poverty; and the third—including Wordsworth, Burns, and all those of his own generation—as a period of revival. That revival, it is hazardous nothing to say, is still progressing. Neither has it been confined to England. It has born, and is bearing, glorious fruit in our own country; and among them which Autumn will ripen surest is Richard Henry Stoddard.

It is reserved to our country to identify herself with a literature nobler, higher, more vigorous and refined, than any yet exhibited before the world. In mind, our advancement has been already wonderfully rapid; while in matter—by which we recognize those natural advantages of earth, sky, water, and every variety and combination of scenery, which operate so essentially in the formation of a literature—this heritage of ours, in its resources, is certainly without a parallel. The affinity existing between the physical properties of a country and its literature is close and inevitable, the latter receiving all its coloring from the strength or tameness of the face of nature in the spot whence its inspiration is inhaled. How glorious then is the augury of our future! "In its physical attributes," says an eloquent expounder of this theme, "our country is partial to the loftiest manifestations of mind."—Grandeur, strength, opulence, and the most agreeable diversity, are prodigally lavished over the face of our land, suggesting a corresponding vigor and variety in the expression of the forms to which they give being. There can be no doubt that "the sunsets of Italy colored the songs of Tasso and Petrarch;" that "the sweet streamlets and sunny lakes of England smile upon you from the graceful verses of Spenser and Wordsworth;" that "the solemn

rustling of the Hartz forest and the shrill horn of the huntsman resound throughout the creations of Schiller and Goethe; and that the mist-robed hills of Scotland loom out in magnificence through the pages of Ossian; and the loftier visions of *Marmion* and *Waverley*." As a sequence, the boundless grandeur and illimitable loveliness of our beautiful and favored country must yet exhibit themselves in the sublime and vigorous impressions of the historian, and the graceful, eloquent and sympathizing strains of the poet. The greatness to which we may attain is beginning to be appreciated. A quarter of a century has operated as wonderfully in our intellectual as in our territorial acquirements, and a few brilliant successes are beginning to turn our eyes in upon ourselves. Besides, we are beginning to have a history of our own.

Richard Henry Stoddard, in the galaxy of new names the last ten years have produced, not only promises to attain a handsome eminence at his majority, but is already second to no one in the rare and distinctive class of poets with whom he has become identified. In the quiet village of Hingham, amid the beauties of the scenery of Massachusetts, he was born; where also the first tender poetic impressions of his childhood were nursed. It was in the Autumn of 1848 that his first little volume of verse, with the modest title of "*Foot Prints*," was thrown out tremblingly—scarcely hopeful—before the stern and fickle tribunal of public opinion. Hardly arrived at man's estate, his work yet gave tokens of a more thorough appreciation of the poetic principle than an experience like his would suggest; albeit the influence of the finished models he studied swelled distinctly from out his pages, and kindled there an enthusiasm not altogether his own. But the public was in a generous mood. These encroachments upon the great fames, resulting more from self-distrust and a blind willingness to follow where others had led—which fault experience would correct—than from any deficiency of intellectual integrity, or the want of a firm hand to crush down the offspring of factitious and fortuitous moods, were pardoned the young poet; and his work was well received—more, it must be confessed, for the promises it left unrealized than for any positive excellence it contained. Certain landscape pieces, however, written with a graphic power and much picturesqueness of description, marked it at once far above the ordinary performances of young writers, and betrayed the direction in which the genius of the debutante must reach for sympathy and success. The prevailing

sentiment of these pieces Stoddard has since carefully nurtured; and his last published volume* contains as perfect pictures of rural life and descriptions of natural scenery as it were easy to meet with.

This landscape element in poetry, if one of its most simple, is one of its most pleasing features. Material nature reflected from the verse of the poet, possesses the power to arouse in man a sympathy with her manifestations, which she cannot always do, divested of that aid. In the true poet this spirit asserts itself with an inherent power, with a specific aim, and with so much of creative ingenuity beside, as enables the poet to infuse his own spirit into the invention; thus, reflecting not merely the outward substances from whence he draws his inspiration, but a certain active, healthful co-operation of his own individual existence. What gave to Wordsworth, in a full sense, and to Chaucer and Thompson, with certain qualifications, their distinctive title as poets of nature, was not merely the accuracy with which they recorded the impressions nature showed upon them and all her worshippers, but this rare power of creating new suggestions, new emotions, which, if traceable to outward substances, yet operate with so much independent and original force as suffices to charge external nature with a new vitality. In this distinguishing characteristic of Wordsworth Mr. Stoddard resembles him not a little, but in nothing else.

But if our author have less dignity of sentiment than Wordsworth, less profundity of thought, less penetration, and less of that searching power of analysis, which so easily persuaded and charmed the profound and thinking portion of his readers, Stoddard is equal with him in delicacy of perception and graceful ease, and his superior in exuberant playfulness and quiet humor. Wordsworth's rocks, and hills, and woods, speak grandly, with a stern and solemn power; his blue skies and rippling rills smile with a thoughtful countenance; while in the deeper-toned manifestations of nature's glories—the midnight wind, the voice of the storm, and the low, lone roar of the ocean—the poet rises to the full stature of the preacher. The didactic mood and the controversial spirit overcome continually the light-heartedness of the poet's purpose; while the prophetic voice and the philosophic eye, awe you into a submission to the great truths graven on his numbers, and calmly, hopefully and

humbly, you look, indeed, from nature up to nature's God. Stoddard's mission, though similar in purpose, is utterly unlike in means. Contemplation our author has, and serious, mindful and relying views of God's omnipotence and goodness displayed in the world around us; but his gait is more hopeful and eager, his steps are continually found sporting in the sunshine, and his heart is attuned to the mellifluous swelling and elastic harmonies of nature, more than to the powerful and grand. His voice therefore is heard singing the themes that touch the hearts of all, in strains the simplest and clearest, yet, therefore, the most musical and sweet. Here our poet approaches the delicacy and exuberant cheerfulness of Tennyson; in fact, for an independent thinker, and one who is to aid in giving character to American literature, this Tennysonian influence is too apparent in his verse.

The creative faculty in Stoddard is stimulated by another and rare characteristic; common, however, to the genuine poet of nature. This is a consciousness of power held in reserve, that may not be uttered in words, but yet makes itself so evident to the reader, that the poet's inferences are grasped instinctively. It is the power of suggestion. It is the overflowing force of soul upon soul, betraying a deeper current of thought than is visible to the casual observer, but which may be fathomed by the withdrawal of the soul in upon itself. You are set to thinking—the something beyond glimmers faint and feebly at first; but mighty and hopeful at last, until the whole thought and intention are manifest, and the assimilation of soul with soul is made complete. This power is one which Poe handled with rare subtlety. The meaning couplet at the conclusion of "The Haunted Palace"—we give the last stanza entire:—

"And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh—but smile no more."

will put any one into a reflecting strain. And the whole suggestive force of "The Raven" is concentrated in the lines:—

"And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore."

As in these fine examples, this peculiar exhibition of the poet's power is usually introduced for climaxial effect at the end of a poem; but the whole body of Stoddard's verse is overflowing with it. Particularly in his shorter poems,

* Songs of Summer, by R. H. Stoddard. 12mo. pp. 230. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, Publishers.

where, if at all, that new correspondence which the poet is supposed to have established with the various outer forms with which he is brought into communication, should secure for him a like chain of connection and sympathy with his readers; this beautiful quality in the constructive economy of the poet, is particularly and continually evidenced. Nor does he attempt to reach our sympathies by the abstract use of foreign material. The most homely associations—the feelings commonest to all—the themes which daily and hourly we are brought in contact with—these are the mediums through which he communicates to us this interesting trait of his individuality.

But there is one quality in Stoddard's verse for which we cannot measure our admiration. After the number of straining and extravagant young poets—who seem of late to have determined upon an overthrow of all well-established principles of poetic utterance—bewildering our judgment, and beclouding our sensibilities—it is refreshing to hear one sing with a clear, full, fresh, impassioned voice, whose melody at all times seems laden with a rational delight gushing forth from a strong, impetuous heart. The melodies of birds is not more musical or more happy than are the lays of Richard Stoddard; the voice of the rills, the whisperings of leaves, and the multiplied participations in the great harmony which nature is continually animating, reflect not more significantly the wondrous hand of the Maker, than do the clear ringing lays of Stoddard interpret and reiterate their manifestations. In the graceful preface to the "Songs"—while he confesses to the power the tragic poet can command—crowning, with a just tribute for that excellence, the brow of a brother bard—he acknowledges the more gentle power he delights to wield. And it is a thing to glory in. No artificial process has fashioned his strains, and no acquired taste is necessary to understand them. The soul that can resign itself, submissive and unquestioning, to the holy influences and operations of the phenomena that every day moves so beautifully about us, by God's working, can never fail to draw from our author sweet lessons of hope and happiness that will make him both wiser and better.

Stoddard's cannot be called a purely contemplative mind, neither is it the reverse, or a speculative. The highest examples of the essentially imaginative incline naturally to the latter; but, though, largely gifted with this best auxiliary to the poet, it were not possible to find verse cumbered less with mere supersti-

tions or speculative detail than Stoddard's. A light and genial humor, too, occasionally plays through our poet's verse. Sunlight is beautiful, and the robin's song and the rustling wind may seem to give it a new loveliness; but it is only when the glee of a laughing rill jumps up to greet it, that it flashes and sparkles, and its glory becomes concentrated. In the Chase in the Olden Time—we run the risk of misquoting, as the poem is not in either of his collective volumes—there is a broader attack upon our risibles than he usually attempts:

"With one wild bound I rush'd upon the brute,
And clutch'd him by the antlers—those you see—
We struggled for a time, and pulled, and pushed,
And dragg'd each other up and down the wood;
And all the while the lady blew for help,
And all the while my strength grew less and less,
Till I was lifted on the creature's horns—
A most uneasy elevation, sirs—
And toes'd among the branches like a leaf."

But there is power in our author of which we have had as yet but partial glimpses. Of more lovely and lovable things than are found in his last little book it were not easy to be capable; but the full volume of his thought is yet to be written. We believe our author's power to be progressive, and have faith in the hope that something more sonorous, more severely poetical, will yet burst through the thin veil that has already opened partially. Growing evidences of this are numerous in the second part of the "Songs." The gorgeously tinted oriental fragment, the Abdication of Noman, the Elder—the passionate review of youth and hymn to Nature, Carmen Nature Triumphale—the splendid classical legend, the Search for Persephone—the quaint and pantheistic Burden of Unrest—and the beautiful mythological fable, the Fisher and Charon—all betoken a higher range of thought, greater capabilities for sustained effort, and a more skillful management of his material than our poet has elsewhere exhibited. The merely emotional or passionial tendencies of the lyrist here become lost in the more steady and persuasive outpourings of the grand, full-hearted unrestricted poet, not bound by any rule, nor constrained into a factitious form of speech; and we wonder if we really be communing with the same mind. We begin to feel how large, how comprehensive is the utterance of the true poet, when in one moment his strain sighs softly like the wing of a passing bird, or walls pityingly like the moaning of the wind; and the next roars with the full grandeur of the storm, and sweeps with the daring flight of the eagle.

LOOK OUT!

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND

CHAPTER XVII.

It was evening, just a week after Alison and I parted, when he and Grant Mulford sat together in one of the most fashionable hotels in New York; and the luxurious appointments of his chamber would have twice bought out all the furniture of the parsonage.

"So it was this evening your cousin desired to see me, Mulford?" asked Alison musingly. "I was going to the opera, but I'll break my engagement for her sake."

"And disappoint some other fair damsel, Holmes?" asked the other, looking up with a little curiosity.

No, indeed; my engagement was with some old college cronies; as my cousin has left the city, "I don't make many with the ladies, now-a-days.

"For a reason I wot very well of." The speaker smiled significantly. "By the by, my dear fellow, how flourishes

"That flower most fair, most fragrant, hid among the lilies?"

"Very well thank you." The tones were as cold as the answer was laconic, for Alison had not forgotten the letter Grant Mulford had written me.

"That painting forcibly reminds me of Ethel Lindsay about the month," said Grant Mulford, getting up suddenly, and going across the room, to a small engraving, in a deep frame of dark, rich wood, opposite, which hung on the wall. "You see, I have detected the resemblance at once. But," perusing it attentively, "though the features are more regular, the eyes are not so fine as Ethel Lindsay's, because they lack her expression. Get this, and she makes a glorious daguerreotype."

Alison started quickly. "What do you mean about Ethel Lindsay's daguerreotype?"

"Excuse me, I should have said she would make a glorious one."

"But how do you know this, Mulford?" sharply searching his companion's face with his eyes. "Ethel Lindsay never had a daguerreotype taken in her life."

"She didn't? There was a shade, the very finest shade of incredulity in the speaker's voice; a stranger would never have observed it, but it said as significantly to Alison as the

speaker meant it should, "Are you quite sure of that?" "Well," he continued, watching the effects of his words, "one who has seen and translated so many varieties of expression in Ethel Lindsay's face as your humble servant, would not find it very difficult to conceive what it would be in a daguerreotype. But, my dear fellow, I promised to be at the club by seven, and here it is half-past. You'll be sure to see my fair cousin, for she'll mope terribly with that old aunt of hers, in Brooklyn. If I could only be with you, but regrets are useless. Adieu, until to-morrow."

And he was gone, and with a perplexed face Alison rose, and paced up and down the room for the next half hour.

"It can't be possible," he muttered at last, bringing down his clenched hand upon the table, "Ethel Lindsay's as true as the stars in heaven, and I won't wrong her by such a thought; but hang the fellow! I didn't like his tone, and that letter, too. I do wish Ethel had permitted me to see it. It's quite time, however, I should be in Brooklyn, if I see Irene Woolsey to-night;" glancing at the small gilded clock, on the mantel. "There's something mysterious about this matter of Ethel and Mulford, and yet I can't distrust her, but I'd like to sift the matter to the bottom. I wonder if Irene could enlighten me, at all."

"Well, I've done my part well, cousin mine," said Grant Mulford, as they sat together in her aunt's somewhat stiff and precise, but handsome parlor, in Brooklyn. "If his suspicions are not exactly awakened, he is sufficiently disturbed in mind for your purpose, and yet, and yet?"—he did not finish the sentence, but tapped his foot uneasily on the carpet.

"Well, what, Grant?" leaning forward her beautiful head, and gazing intently into her cousin's face.

"Why, to speak the plain honest truth, I wish this game was over. Ethel Lindsay's an innocent little girl, anyhow, and I don't like to harm her. Then she and Holmes are so much in love with each other, that although my conscience isn't the tenderest in the world, it gives me some very unpleasant qualms occasionally on this very subject."

For a moment Irene did not answer. For a moment the white wings of the angels hovered over the two, sitting there, with no witnesses save those who walk silently, by night and by day, through all the dark alleys and hidden rooms of the heart, searching with eyes that never slumber, writing with hands that are never weary—the solemn witnesses we shall know first, “even as we are known,” at the Judgment.

The wrong she had done, the wrong she was about to do, came out and stood before the soul of Irene Woolsey, in its darkness, and shame, and deformity; and catching a glimpse of it, she sank back, and shuddered.

And then, the reward almost within her grasp, smiling, and exceeding beautiful, as the rewards of wrong-doing always seem, before one has grasped them, came and stood in the place of the evil, and——

“Grant, there is little more for you to do,” said Irene, in a half cold, half reproachful tone. “The prize is more precious to me than it is to Ethel Lindsay,” and I did not think you would regret serving me when I asked you to do this.” It was a very gentle reminder of all she had done for him, and Grant Mulford felt more compunctions for what seemed his ingratitude to his beautiful cousin, than for anything else. “Forgive me, Irene,” and the bell rang.

“There! that’s he,” exclaimed the lady, with a flush of excitement and pleasure rushing over her cheeks. “Do hurry off, Grant; you know he must not find you here.”

“What in the world ails you, Mr. Holmes? You seem quite changed, you have lost so much of your old spirits and vivacity!” asked the young girl, half an hour later, as Alison sat with her on the sofa, in the very place where Grant sat, when they——; but walls never tell stories. He smiled, not his old smile.

“I have very unpleasant consciousness that I must be a most disagreeable guest to-night. Forgive me, Miss Irene, but I am not in a happy mood.”

“Something is troubling you?” She asked it with a soft, kindly interest, looking into his face, with those brilliant beautiful eyes.

“You have guessed right; as women usually do. Something is troubling, perplexing me? If women’s perceptions are quicker than men’s, so is their skill at unravelling mysteries.

“Suppose you let me try to do this for you, Mr. Holmes?”

Alison was naturally unsuspecting and confiding; then it was his misfortune that a

present joy or sorrow usually obliterated everything else.

“I’ve a half mind to tell you, Miss Irene,” speaking as much to himself as to her.—“You’ve seen a good deal more of your cousin than I have of late; does he speak often of Ethel?” Her eyes turned from his face to the floor.

“Well, ye-es; you know I told you he admired her greatly.”

“I remember; but what does he say of her? It is my right to know, and if you are my friend you will tell me.”

“Do you think so?” The evening was damp and chilly, and the lady drew her opera cloak of white cashmere a little closer round her, and played with the silken tassels that confined it at her white neck, meditatively. “I must know what has awakened your suspicions, Mr. Holmes, for really they distress me.”

“Do they? Well, as you are so kind, you shall hear them.” And he related the conversation that had transpired between him and Grant Mulford that evening. When he spoke of that daguerreotype, Irene started, and looked up in his face, with a quick, half-terrified glance, and then her eyes dropped confusedly to the crimson flowers on the rug.

Alison stopped short. “Irene Woolsey,” he said sternly, “do you know anything about this?”

“About what?” reluctantly and evasively.

“About any daguerreotype of Ethel’s? She never had one taken, to my knowledge. Has she to yours?”

“I wish you would not ask me such—such close questions.”

“But I *must* know; you *must* answer!” laying his hand tightly on her arm.

“Well then, *yes!* How imperative you are!”

The face of the questioner was very white, and his voice was very hoarse, as he leaned it down to Irene Woolsey. “And is this daguerreotype in the possession of Grant Mulford?”

“No—not now; that is, not exactly.”

“Was it ever?”

“I wish you would not compel me to answer such questions, Mr. Holmes?”

“Don’t keep me on the rack, if you have the heart of a woman,” grasping, almost grinding her fingers in his own. “I shall know the worst!”

“Then—yes. Poor Ethel! I suppose he teased it out of her—Grant has such a way with him.”

The girl actually shuddered at the glance

that flamed down on her. "Where is this daguerreotype now?"

"Please don't question me any farther!" She was answered by another look. "It's here with me."

"Let me see it!"

"I have no right to. It's Grant's, you know."

"It isn't his. I'll blow his brains out before another day's gone over them."

"Mr. Holmes!" grasping his arm in undisguised terror, "promise me you will not harm—you will not see Grant for the next twenty-four hours, and I will show you Ethel's miniature; otherwise, I can not."

"For the next twenty-four hours? I promise."

And Irene went to the table and opened a marble casket, and Alison followed her with his white face and burning eyes. She gave it into his hands. The case was a simple black one, of papier mache. Alison looked at it a moment, as if half bewildered, then almost tore it open. The face he had last seen drenched in such bitter tears, for his parting, looked up at him with a smile hovering about the lips and in the eyes.

The proof of the perfidy of his betrothed, was written in every line and feature.

He dashed down the picture on the table, and sank into a chair. "Ethel! Ethel!" it was all he said.

"Don't feel so, Mr. Holmes," whispered the soft, pitying voice of Irene Woolsey at his side. "If I had not been so unfortunately compelled to reveal this to you. I wish—I wish I could comfort you!"

"Comfort me?" He lifted up his face, and looked at her, and her heart ached, half with pity, half with jealousy at the anguish she saw there.

"I tell you, Irene Woolsey, I had more faith in Ethel Lindsay than I had in the angels of Heaven; and she has deceived me. I left her a few days ago with her kisses and her tears warm upon my lips—my betrothed wife, and there—there," pointing to the daguerreotype "lies her lie! I would sooner have believed that my own mother would have turned round, and cursed me."

"Don't say so; you frighten me, my dear sir. Believe me, all women are not false."

He rose, and walked wildly up and down the room; while Irene shuddered at the work she had done, and wished she could live over the last hour, but it was "too late" now.

"Women!" he repeated her word with bit-

ter scorn. "Do you think I shall ever have faith in another? I thought I looked down in Ethel's soul, and read it, as I looked up to-night and read the stars in Heaven. So pure, so earnest, so childlike, she seemed hardly 'of the earth, earthly;' The one flower growing consecrated and holy to me, among the high ways of life; and behold another has plucked it!"

And each word that he spoke was sharp torture to her who listened.

Oh, no one could have doubted, who had seen Alison Holmes in that hour, that he loved me, any more than I, who sit here writing of it, doubt, at this moment, that I was his first love, and his deepest.

But Irene felt that she had commenced the game, and it must be played now, at all hazards.

"Perhaps, if you knew all, there is really some excuse for Ethel," she faltered.

Alison stopped short before her. "Don't name excuses," he said bitterly. "But I want to know the extent of her perfidy—tell me the whole, Irene?"

"I cannot now; indeed, I cannot; don't ask me," and she wrung her hands.

And Alison grew a little calmer, and sat down by her. "You know all my weakness, all my love," he said. "I have unmanned myself before you, this night, and for the sake of all this let there be confidence between us, Irene. I read pity in your eyes, almost as plainly as I once thought I read truth in Ethel's. Will you not let me know all the rest?"

"I cannot now, and never, unless you pledge me solemnly your honor as a man, not to reveal, so long as you live, one word of what I shall disclose to you. Oh, are you not satisfied with what you have seen already?"

"No, not till I know the whole. Irene, look at me. I promise you—I promise you on my honor, never to reveal what you shall disclose to me."

And then, Irene told him that the communication could only take place in her own home, because the proofs of what she should state were only there. "At noon to-morrow I return," she concluded, "will you go with me?"

"Yes, to the end of the earth, to learn this."

"And meanwhile you will do nothing—remember your promise binds you here?"

"It shall hold me even from seeing your cousin, Irene. And now I must leave you. I want air for my burning heart and brain. Poor dupe! poor fool!" he struck his clenched hand to his forehead madly, and rushed out into the

hall, not even waiting to say good night to his hostess.

But she followed him quickly. "Oh, Alison, don't, for mercy's sake, don't go off in this state of mind! I fear you will harm yourself." There was no affectation of terror in her voice now.

He looked on her and smiled a fearful smile. "Don't be alarmed, Irene; I'll live long enough to learn how much an angel a woman may seem, and how much a friend she may be. But you have been my friend; some other time I will tell you how I thank you. Good night," and he was gone.

And Irene went in, and closed the door, and sat down. She had triumphed! Was she happy? There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.

The night was cold with winds, and dark with wrappings of thick cloud; but Alison paced the streets of the great city, until the dawn opened damp and gray upon it; for the night was darker within him than the night outside, and no stars arose and shone upon either.

And while he paced the streets that night, I lay in my little chamber at the parsonage, and dreamed that we sat together under the portico, and the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed, and very soft winds blew around our cottage by the Hudson!

It was very late evening of the next day, and Alison and Irene were once more alone together, in the little back sitting room, at the home of the latter. They had reached this several hours before, but these were devoted to the family, who were somewhat surprised at seeing Alison, although Irene accounted very plausibly for his arrival.

Alison had exerted himself to appear before Irene's relatives as though nothing had occurred, and was easier as Clyde was absent at the time, and her mother somewhat more indisposed than usual.

"Now, Irene, I have endured this suspense as long as I can. Let me hear the worst," said Alison abruptly to his companion, just after her father had bidden him good night, leaving them, as I said, alone together.

"Well, then, much as it pains me to do so, I must inform you that some letters are in my possession——"

"Letters to whom?" with the burning eyes fastened on her face.

"To a Miss Cora Wise, of Baltimore, of whom you may have heard Ethel speak?"

"No—I never heard her name."

"Is it possible! Well, (half to herself,) I can understand Ethel's motive for not speaking of her to you. Suffice it, she is a very intimate friend of Grant's. Indeed, they are quite like brother and sister. Now you see, Grant was quite anxious Ethel and Cora should know each other, so by his descriptions he managed to stimulate the curiosity of both, and a frequent correspondence took place between them. Cora is very warm-hearted, and a great admirer of genius, and she regards Ethel as something half angel and half mortal.

"Poor Grant, as you have guessed, and I must acknowledge, even if he is my cousin, fell desperately in love with Ethel, and Cora discovered this a short time since, when he was in Baltimore. Of course, her sympathies were warmly enlisted in his behalf, and the poor child tried to plead his cause eloquently with Ethel.

"To make a most disagreeable story a short one, I saw when Grant returned from New England that he was greatly changed, and in answer to his inquiries, I finally drew from him the cause. I was much shocked, and told him so. Ethel Lindsay was the betrothed wife of his friend; it was treason to you to think of her in any other light. I presume my reproaches stung him, for they were very severe; and at last, half in anger, half in self-defence, he informed me that he knew quite as much of Ethel Lindsay's heart as I did. I maintained that it was perfectly loyal to you, whereupon he drew forth two letters from his pocket, which Cora Wise, (the foolish little puss,) had received from Ethel, and sent to him, thinking, I suppose, she was doing just what friendship demanded of her, as perhaps I am only doing it now, and yet—and yet, I would about as soon have plunged my right hand in the fire." And, for the moment, Irene felt she was speaking truth—that all this sin was paying dearly, even for the love of Alison Holmes.

"And these letters you have now?"

"Yes. Grant did not wish them destroyed, and as he was travelling about, allowed me to keep them."

The young man's lips did not move, but they could not have asked, as his eyes did, "Show them to me!"

And Irene took a lamp from the table and went up stairs, and returned, (I must write all this briefly, for my fingers shake, and my pen quivers over it,) and gave the letters into Alison's hands. He tore them open, he tore out, too, their meaning from the hand-writing,

whose very lines, curves and angles he would have sworn to in any court on earth.

I do not know how long those letters were. I do not know even to this day much of what they contained; but I know it was enough to brand my soul forever in the eyes of Alison Holmes.

One passage alone, years after, scorched itself into my memory: "And I do love Grant Mulford, my Cora; but of what use is it for me to say this now, with aching heart and streaming eyes; I am the betrothed wife of a man, honorable and good, and I am bought and sold to him. If Grant only had a tenth part of his riches, I would not hesitate one moment to annul our engagement; but he is very poor, and so am I, and the battle of my early life has left me very weak—I can never struggle with poverty any longer. Pity me, Cora, though you blame and scorn me, for before the autumn has brushed with its 'dyed fingers' these green trees under which I write, I shall go from the altar a loved, but an unloving wife, bought and paid for with lands and gold."

Alison Holmes put down the letter, and they who draw the shroud-folds over his face will not see it whiter.

"Can there be truth in heaven above, or on earth beneath, that Ethel Lindsay should write that lie?" he asked.

And Irene tried to answer him, but the words died away in her throat—in her heart rather.

"She seemed so spotless, so pure, so true," he said, sitting down, half bewildered, for though in years a man, he was half a boy still, and this thing well nigh overcame him. "She looked at me out of her great, clear eyes, with so much truth; she seemed so afraid of soiling her lips with the semblance of a place; she was tender even to the ants and the worms, when we walked together in the garden. Oh, Ethel! Ethel!" and here all his pride gave way in the gush of tenderness and pain that came over him; and Alison Holmes leaned down his head on the arm of the old-fashioned lounge, and cried like a girl.

And Irene pitied him, as a woman, be she bad or good, will pity the suffering of the man she loves, and threw herself down on a stool at his feet, and said, while her voice shook: "Don't, Alison—I pray you don't! She is unworthy of you; forget her. There are so many others who love you."

And her words were like sweet balm to his heart, and he lifted up his head and looked at her.

Oh, she was very beautiful then, with her lustrous eyes, shining through their heavy tears, as rare gems shine up from their beds in clear rivers, with her flushed cheeks and her quivering lips; doubly beautiful she looked to the young man then, his friend, his comforter; and he leaned forward and took her soft hands in his, and asked: "Do you really pity me, Irene?"

And her heart leaped as she answered: "Pity you! I would die to save you from this suffering, Alison!"

And what words followed after I do not know; but I do know that Alison Holmes did that night what many a man has done before—what many will do after him.

He was impulsive and headlong, as illy-disciplined natures usually are, and he had enough that night to make a strong man desperate; and the woman who sat at his feet was fascinating and beautiful. He wanted somebody, too, to console and comfort him in his great loss, and when the thought struck across his heart that she loved him, he leaned down his head—that proud, graceful head—on her shoulder, and he whispered: "Oh, Irene, if you would take Ethel's place, I might learn to forget her!"

And Irene wound her soft arms about his neck, and the words palpitated through her tremulous lips: "*Alison, I will take her place!*" The victory was won.

Three days had gone by. Alison and Irene had been constantly together; and he believed himself, as she did herself, happy. I think he loved Irene, not certainly as he had loved me, and I know his heart ached sometimes; but he loved her as nine-tenths of the men do the women they walk with through life.

She was very bewitching, and, of course, she exerted her charms to the utmost, at this time.

Then, Alison Holmes was certainly not a man to die for the love of any woman—not a man to make a single affection the one aloe of his life; the one flower that gathered up into its blossoming all the fragrance, all the aroma of his heart. If I had died, he would have planted flowers, and wept many tears over my grave; and at the end of two years, at the farthest, married some other woman who chanced across his path the prettiest, or liveliest, or, at least, the one that happened to strike his fancy most; and if she, too, had left him, it would have been the same thing over again; and he would have been a true, tender, loving hus-

band to each. All honor to such men! They are a blessing to their day and generation!

Still there are a few other men and women—very few they are, as the strong, the persistent, the great, are the few—who live true to this one love, whose "heart's scripture" is alike its "Genesis and its Revelation."

And then, such a man may marry twice or thrice, without finding the woman elect, the wife of his soul; for matrimony, like all other things, is imperfect in this world, and the "Till death us do part" reads one way in the marriage service, and another in most men's and women's lives.

Three days, as I said, had passed, and sitting at one of the front windows, the newly betrothed pair watched the May sun as it went over the hills, where the west was covered in thick "swaddling bands" of gold and purple. Oh, just so, one of them had watched the sun go down over other hills; and the lady who sat by his side then was not half so fair as the one who sat there now.

It had been mutually agreed that the past should, as far as possible, be an interdicted subject; but standing in the deep bay window, Alison says abruptly, winding one of Irene's heavy curls round his fingers: "After all, I ought to have seen that Ethel Lindsay could not have loved me very deeply, after that remark she made to you about my money. You remember it, Irene?"

She smoothes down the little plait that has gathered into her brow, on finding to whom his thoughts wander, and looks up with her bright smile: "Yes, I remember, Alison. Did you never think of it afterward?"

"Yes, some 'money-match' that I heard of one day, reminded me of it so forcibly, that I alluded to the fact of her marrying a rich man, and of its being as important a desideratum with her as with most people."

"And what did she say?" eagerly queried the lady.

"Why, she wrote in answer, one of the most touching, beautiful protestations, against such a thought or feeling in herself, or any other true woman—so full of pride and wounded feeling withal, that I took to myself all manner of blame for my allusion; and supposed you must have misapprehended her meaning."

"A letter for you, Mr. Holmes!" said Irene's father, as he entered the room with one of his stately, old-school bows.

The young man seized it eagerly. "It's from mother and re-mailed from New York, as

I left orders. Excuse me, Irene, dear, a little while"—and he went up to his room.

An hour later he came down. "This letter has greatly excited me!" he said abruptly. "Mother has had an attack of hemorrhage at the lungs, and her physician recommends her going to Europe, for the next year. He and his family start for Liverpool in three weeks, and mother has resolved to accompany them. She says Ethel and I can join her in October, making a journey to the old world our wedding tour. Oh! what will she say when she learns that another than Ethel is to be my wife?"

Irene winced at this, for, although Mrs. Holmes certainly liked her, and she had exerted herself to be especially agreeable to that lady, yet she knew very well I had the first place in her heart.

"I have been thinking this matter over, Irene, and it seems to me the best thing I can do is to accompany my mother."

"Oh, Alison!" she grew very white, and clung to him.

"You see, dear Irene, I shall return in the fall; and then, while I am away, I can reconcile mother so much more easily to the breaking of my engagement with Ethel. She will take it very hard, I know, because she is so fond of her, and would surely write to Aunt Ruth, and have the matter thoroughly investigated, no matter what proofs I might produce of Ethel's perfidy. Then, you see, our engagement is to be kept a secret until next autumn, and, indeed, it is for the best that I should go. Don't you see it, Irene?"

"I don't see much—I only hear the voice of my heart, and that cries stay, stay, Alison!"

But when they came to consider the matter farther, Irene felt that Alison's reasoning was true. In her mad love for him, she would gladly have eloped—been married privately, and accompanied him to Europe, but she felt that this would lower her forever in the estimation of all her friends, and more than anything else, the thought of Clyde's indignation restrained her from so imprudent a step. Then, his marriage following so closely on the dissolution of his engagement with me, would surely converge every one's suspicions to herself; and disclosures might subsequently take place, which would involve her in disgrace even in the eyes of her husband. Irene shuddered at this thought, and her judgment at last overruled her affections. "It is best you should go, Alison, but oh, what shall I do without you!" and her face, drenched with tears, dropped

down on the shoulder where two weeks before Ethel Lindsay's had rested.

"There—the letter's finished. I have written just as you suggested, Irene," and Alison tossed the sheet into Irene's lap, half bitterly, as though he were very glad to get rid of it.

She seized and read it with breathless eagerness, for her own destiny hung upon every line.

"Will it do?" asked Alison, as she closed and carefully refolded the sheet.

Her triumphant smile answered him; there was not a word in the letter to expunge; not a thought she had not suggested or dictated; with so much tact, however, that Alison was hardly conscious of it.

"And you will have this letter mailed from New York, where she will suppose it was written?"

"Yes, you know I must have a private interview with your father to-night, Irene, for to-morrow evening I must be in the city." She blushed, and sighed, and just then, looking out of the window, she and Alison caught sight of her father coming into the garden gate. "I will go out and see him now," said the latter, rising up, and caressing the beautiful head that bowed itself down on the window-ledge.

"Well?" It was all her lips asked the young man, as he returned to her, half an hour later.

"He has just given to me, his most precious treasure on earth."

"And he promised not to reveal a word of it to a human being for the present?"

"Not even to Clyde; Irene, how beautiful you are; how proud I shall be of you as my wife," gazing down admiringly on the uplifted face, that blushed for joy at his gazing.

"Wasn't papa surprised, Alison?"

"Yes, and he gave his consent to our union so solemnly, and spoke of his daughter so tenderly, that it greatly touched me. I wish you could have heard him, dear."

"Dear papa! Clyde is so much like him."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, I had a letter from him, while you were writing, and he is coming home day after to-morrow."

"It is too bad, I shall not be here to see him!"

"And you must leave me day after to-morrow?"

"I must, Irene."

CHAPTER XVII.

"I wonder if anybody up stairs wants a letter to-night!"

With a bound and a shriek I was out of my chair, and down the stairs. "Oh, Uncle Gerald, give it to me, please, please?"

How well I remember that time. The May day was settling into a sullen, damp, forbidding night. The three weeks that followed Alison's departure had been full of cloud, and gloom, of wind and rain, following hard on those days of soft breezes and sunshine, just as the sorrows of life follow hard after its pleasures, just as the darkness had come to my heart after the light.

For a great darkness had fallen there, and for the last two weeks, during which I had received no letters from Alison, I had suffered more than at any former period of my life. I could not divine what ailed me, but I was restless and wretched. I could not write, or even read. I sat for hours before the window, with my pen clasped in my listless fingers, gazing at the old plum tree, as the wet, black boughs, struck themselves all day, with a kind of obstinate sullenness, in the face of the wind and rain. Sometimes looking down on my paper, I would find it as wet as the young grass under the plum tree, and then I would get up, and pace the room, starting with a strange, indefinable terror, at every ring of the bell, or every sound outside.

"What can be the matter, child?" questioned Aunt Ruth's anxious voice a dozen times a day. "You don't eat enough to keep a mouse alive—you're pale as a ghost all the time, and it would seem as strange to see you smile, as it would to see the sunshine."

"It's the weather, I guess, aunty. You know these damp spring days always raised the mischief with me, body and mind," and I escaped to my own room quick as a cloud.

The suspense I endured on account of Alison's long silence came very near throwing me into a fever. I never for a moment doubted his truth to me, but I feared he was ill. I wrote to him twice in New York; but though the letters were forwarded to him, they passed through Irene's hands, and he never saw them.

Uncle Gerald and Aunt Ruth sympathised with me very warmly, and talked about mis-carried letters, and unreliableness of mails; but I saw they, too, began to feel uneasy, at Alison's long silence.

My uncle took out the letter from his deep, overcoat pocket; held it a moment above my head with a lurking love of mischief; then suddenly relenting, placed it in my hands. "It's too bad, Ethel—I won't torment you this time."

I went up stairs—it was growing dark, but I could still read by the window. My heart sprang, and my fingers shook as I tore open the envelope—

"Why, child, we've rung the bell three times for supper—what's the matter—what's the matter, Ethel?" and Aunt Ruth set down the teapot, and sprang towards me.

"Nothing is the matter. Something up stairs struck me, I believe."

She threw a frightened, significant glance toward Gerald. "Come and sit down here by the fire, child. (In an undertone.) Her mind is wandering, brother."

They led me up to the fire, for though it was May time, the birch boughs still blazed on the hearth. I remember just how the cross-pieces lay, and how the flames curled over them.

"What makes you shiver so, Ethel?" and my uncle drew down his face close to mine—he was rather short-sighted.

I put my hand to my forehead. "Something ails me, I believe. Oh, I remember now. It was the letter."

"The letter—whose letter? Where is it?"

"I don't know—I couldn't understand it, and at last all the letters ran into one, and it dropped to the floor. What does he mean, aunty?"

"Gerald, go up and get the letter. I'll stay with her," whispered Aunt Ruth.

He was gone but a moment, and he returned with the letter in his hands. "Shall I read it, Ruth?"

"Yes."

My faculties, mental and physical, were half paralyzed, and yet I watched him narrowly as he unfolded the sheet. I saw every change that came over his face. At first there was a look of profound astonishment—then his face grew very white, and at last settled into stern rigidity of muscle and lineament, such as had never before darkened the face of Gerald Maltby.

"Curse him! he is a liar—a villain!" he muttered as he finished the letter. It was the first time, and the last, such words ever crossed the lips of the minister.

"Why, Gerald—brother, you forget yourself. What do you mean?" cried his appalled sister.

"Well, read that letter, and then see if you can blame me!" striking his clenched hand down hard upon it.

She seized and read it. Her face was whiter than his when she finished. "My poor, poor Ethel!" was all she said; then she burst into tears.

I looked at her with a vague comprehension that she was weeping for me, and that some great, terrible evil had happened. I could not

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perceive what, but a dull, heavy pain began to creep about my heart.

There was a large, mahogany-framed mirror on the opposite side of the room, and I can still see the strange group it reflected as I glanced across at it. The minister and his sister stood close together, both very pale, speaking no word, only looking at me, with a combination of horror, and tenderness, and grief, very much as friends look on those who go out from them in the morning with smiles, and kisses, and brief farewells, and are brought back at night cold, silent, dead.

"What makes you stare at me so?" I asked.

"Don't, Ethel, don't! I could bear anything better than this. Oh, Alison, if you could see her now!" sobbed Miss Maltby.

Then the truth leaped like lightning up through my heart and brain. I sprang from my chair, with a cry sharp and loud: "He has left me, he has left me forever!" and I remembered nothing more.

I have an impression that it had worn late into the night when I opened my eyes again. Uncle Gerald was holding me in his arms, and his sister was leaning over the chair, watching me with a sorrowful tenderness I had never seen in her eyes before.

"How do you feel now, darling?"

"I'm very tired," slowly lifting my head from the minister's shoulder. "I've been sick, haven't I?" striving to collect my thoughts. "Let me go to bed, aunty."

"Yes, my dear little girl. Brother'll carry you up at once. It is best you should go to sleep."

So they carried me up to my own room, and, after I was in bed, Aunt Ruth sat down by me, and I held her hand in mine, and whispered: "It will all be right in the morning, won't it?"

"I hope so, my child;" and I went to sleep.

I never saw Alison's letter after that night, but portions of it seared themselves forever into my memory. There was a refinement of cruelty about it, of which, even now, writing these words, and forgiving him fully and freely, as I pray God may at His Judgment, he should, as a man, speaking to me, a woman, have been incapable.

There was no possible opportunity for me to defend myself; every avenue of communication was closed to me. "*I have ceased to love—I shall never marry you,*" was the verdict against which my woman's pride could offer no petition; the great gulf between us over which I might never pass.

"Ethel Lindsay," so the letter concluded, "I

shall be far out on the Atlantic, hastening—it matters not now to what port, or even what country. Henceforth let us be as the dead to each other. I have sounded my heart, I have awakened from my dream, and not in scorn or in anger, but with simple indifference, I put you away from my life. If ever in the years to come, I shall look upon your face, it will only be as the husband of another woman; as you will probably be the wife of another man.

"I see now how very true was your remark to me on a night you will be apt to remember: 'I am in no wise fitted to be your wife, Alison.' Your woman's penetration discovered at once what I was slower to learn; but having learned, I shall abide by it, believing it now more honorable to dissolve than to fulfil our engagement.

"And wishing for your future, Ethel Lindsay, all the happiness of which I know you are so capable, and a union at no distant time with some man you shall love fervently and disinterestedly, I am ALISON HOLMES."

The morning came—for mornings and nights will come to the wearied and the most wretched of us—and I opened my eyes.

The clouds were all gone, and the sunshine was dashing in through the curtains, and the birds (earth's "first poets,") were singing in the plum boughs the songs they sang in the garden of Eden, when God listened and said, "It is good." The suffering only know what this is—the slow waking up from sleep into a life of renewed misery. I shut my eyes, and buried my face in my pillow, and moaned,— "Oh, God! can't I die—can't I die just now?" And praying this prayer, I never dreamed that life could hold any more happiness or good for me, or that God could have any work here that I must do.

In a little while Aunt Ruth came into the room. "How do you feel, dear?"

"My heart aches! my heart aches!"

She sat down by the bedside, and cried still a long time, caressing the hand that lay on the outside of the coverlet. I watched her half curiously, half wishing that I could cry too; but there were no tears in my heart, only a scorching and a pain; do you know what it is, reader; for, only feeling, shall you understand.

Aunt Ruth tried to comfort me, "Gerald and I sat up all last night talking it over," she said. "It is the most unaccountable thing I ever heard of. Alison must have been prejudiced against you by some person; there's no doubt of it; but at all events he was not worthy of you. You are young, Ethel, and life has a

great deal in store for you. Try and forget him, my child."

I only shook my head, but I did not tell her what was in my thoughts, that before long I should forget him, in my grave!

But I did not arise from off my bed that bright May morning, nor for many that followed it. I was very ill with a nervous fever, which just escaped settling on my brain. Much of the time I was unconscious, and this was the great mercy of my illness.

But there were intervals of sanity, when the darkness on my brain settled down in my heart, when I stood all alone in that "great desert" of my life, very thirsty, and there was no water;—very hungry, and there was no manna; weary, lost, with no cloud by day, no pillar of fire by night, to guide me; and yet, blessed be God! far, far beyond, lay the green meadows and the cool fountains of the "promised land."

But my heart grows weak even now, with the memory of that terrible suffering; every anchor gone, every light vanished, and I drifting on through the night, over the waters.—But youth and an elastic constitution triumphed at last, and I slowly grew better. Aunt Ruth, who had watched over me by night and by day, shed tears of joy when she perceived it.

It was in the dawn of June that I began to sit up again. How sick I was of the sunshine,—how the outward beauty and glory of the summer mocked the winter of my soul!

Then, every room and corner had its associations and memories, all of which were as barbed arrows piercing my heart, for it was my curse that notwithstanding his faithlessness and cruelty, I loved Alison Holmes still. By night and by day my heart called out for him, over all the waters that rushed deep and cold between us! Even Aunt Ruth's voice grew stern when she spoke of him, which was not often. I did not attempt to defend him, but I passed whole days in trying to devise some cause for this sudden change, and often times, Irene Woolsey would flash across my mind, as connected with it; but I had no date, no premises from which to draw any conclusions, and of the many reasons for his desertion which my mind conjured up, not one satisfied me for an hour.

One day, while I was convalescing I had a letter from Meltha Herriek, loving, humorous, a little gossip, like herself.

"I wonder how you are getting along, now Al's gone to Europe," ran one passage in the letter. "I was completely taken aback, when the news came to papa, written just on the eve

of his sailing. He does not know when they will return, or where they will go, as his mother's health will determine both these important items. Were I you, Ethel, I would never forgive him, for running away like this, and thus depriving me of so delightful a bridal tour. I sympathise with you, my dear, very warmly in this matter, but I don't believe Al. will be gone more than three or four months, at the farthest, for among the fair homes of England, or under the blue skies of Italie, wherever he may wander, there will bloom no flower so fair for him as one that hides its beauties and its fragrance among the green hills of Massachusetts."

Oh, Meltha Herrick! when your soft fingers trailed along these words, you little dreamed what a sharp pang every letter would be to me. The next day I overheard Aunt Ruth say to her brother, "I think Gerald, I would write to Lucy, if I could only discover her address. It is possible she might throw some light on this mystery, though she could do nothing to excuse her son's baseness."

"The woman's pride underlying my love, and stronger even than this, outbroke here. I rushed into the room, for I was now able to go about the house. "Aunt Ruth, don't do it, don't do it!" I cried. "Alison has deserted me, and though he has broken the heart, he shall never bend the pride of Ethel Lindsay."

"But my dear——"

"No, no, not a word" I interrupted. "Both Alison and his mother would suppose I had instigated you to do this, and after *that* letter, it would be weakness and shame in any woman to even remotely suggest an explanation. You will not so far degrade me?"

"No, my poor child, I won't. I hope Alison Holmes will be made to repent of this before he dies," she added, indignantly.

I recovered slowly. Everything reminded me of him; the books on the table, that we had read together, with his pencil marks straying down the margin; the rocking chair in the corner; here was the place where he sang, and there he told that comical story, and somewhere else, I had sat with his arms about me, while he had called me so tenderly *his* Ethel.

As for the garden, I eschewed this entirely, for every tree, and flower, and walk, had its story of the past. Oh, what days to me were those bright June ones, the ones in which he had promised to be with me, and I sat all alone in my darkened chamber, thinking on the home that was to have been ours; on the long dreary future, that I was to walk all alone.

As soon as I was able, I gathered up all his gifts. The watch, the ring, a beautiful pearl writing desk, inlaid with rare tropical flowers; some costly annuals, and a rare inkstand of veined agate; and enclosing them all in a box, gave them to Aunt Ruth. "Look them away," I said, "for I shall never look at them again, and if I am among the dead, when next you see Alison Holmes, tell him simply that Ethel Lindsay left him *these*."

One morning, a few days afterward, Uncle Gerald came into my room. "Come, daughter," he said, in a tone whose cheerfulness was assumed for my sake, "we're not going to let you sit here, moping away all the summer, after this fashion. Just hurry on your bonnet, and take a ride with me."

I shrank from the thought, "Oh, uncle, don't ask me; I wouldn't go out for all the world."

"But you *must*, child. Why the very day is like a sweet Scripture to the soul, a good will of God unto man. Just come out, and see it, and talk with it a while; maybe you can extract some balm from it, my poor wounded dove." And his voice, always kind, had, of late, grown tender to me as a mother's.

I rose up, and moved half way to the closet for my bonnet; then I turned back and buried my face on my uncle's shoulder. "Uncle Gerald, do not ask me; I cannot go!"

"Well, I won't urge you, Ethel," he answered sadly and solemnly. "The healing balm for you can come only from the hands of the 'Great Physician,' and he left me."

"Why, isn't she going, brother?" Aunt Ruth's disappointed tones wound up to me from the front hall.

"No—I hadn't the heart to insist when I looked in her face. Alison Holmes has wrecked our child's happiness for life. When I think of his baseness, I almost forget I am a minister of the Gospel, and long to take the vengeance which belongs unto God into my own hands."

A little later, Aunt Ruth came up to me.—"I wish you had gone out with Gerald to-day, Ethel."

"But I couldn't, Aunt Ruth. I never want to go out again."

"Hush, my child. It may not be *right* to say so."

"Not *right*!" I roused sufficiently from my long torpor of feeling, to think her words almost unkind. "The world hasn't any enjoyment for me now, and never will have again. Oh, Aunt Ruth, my heart is dead within me—why do I live, when I have nothing to live for?"

"Because God wills it. Ethel, and he never

places us where we have nothing to do, where we can fold our hands and sit still. If my words seem cold and unsympathetic, my poor child, it is not because my heart is so, for I, too," her voice shook almost into silence, but in a moment she kept on, "have drunken to the dregs that cup the bitterest life ever places to the lips of woman."

"And speaking now from my own experience, I solemnly assure you, Ethel, that even for this there is comfort and calm. *Our lives are not ours; we owe duties to others, and work to God, and it is selfish to indulge a solitary grief to the exclusion of everything else in life.*"

"But there is no life in me, Aunt Ruth, to arouse. You would not say to the dead, 'Get up, and walk,' Aunt Ruth;" bursting into a rain of passionate tears, the first I had shed since that night; "do you remember how gentle and tender he always was to me, how careful of my happiness; how watchful of my every word and look! Oh, if he would only come in here, and put his arms around me, and let my head lie still upon his heart for five minutes, it would be very sweet to die."

"I know it, Ethel," was Aunt Ruth's tearful answer; "but when God says 'live,' it is not for us to choose."

She talked with me a long, long time that morning, opening the doors of her heart, and leading me into "secret chambers" which no eye had ever beheld. And looking at her, I saw then how beautiful a life might be, even after its "crown had fallen."

"God's strength! oh, Ethel," she said, looking upward with a light irradiating her face, which made it fairer than even the lost light of youth had done, "we never know what this is, until we lean our weakness upon it."

"And after she had left me, I turned to the little bible that lay on my table, and opening the leaves, I came upon that old passage that we read over in our morning lessons, and whisper in our evening prayers; but whose power, and beauty, and significance, we can only understand when all that is of this world fails us, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

This was just what I wanted, *rest, rest*; and tears that the angels rejoiced over, dropped thick on that blessed promise; oh, the old Judean harmonies are the only ones that can silence the discords of the soul, the only "Peace" to the great storms through which our barques must ride over life's Gennesaret.

That day I kneeled down by my bedside,

and prayed as I had never prayed before, and God strengthened me.

After this I began slowly to go about the house; to comb Uncle Gerald's hair in the evenings; to assist Aunt Ruth in arranging *bouquets* for the mantel, and sometimes to see a neighbor or two, when they came in to inquire after me.

This was very hard at first. Doing one's duty is sometimes the heaviest work in life; and then I shrank from the curious eyes of strangers, and the pitying "Dear me, how like a ghost she looks!" Fortunately my engagement had never been made public, so I was saved all annoyance from the inquisitive and gossiping; my illness being attributed solely to physical causes.

We look out some December day, and see the snows covering the earth, and the black sky overhead, and we say mournfully, "The glory has all departed," and forget that seed, and root, and bulb lie warm underneath the snow, and that they will spring up in the April of resurrection. And so it is with our hearts; when the winter comes and the snow falls, we say: "The life is all gone. Our hearts are dead within us."

But it is not so. Far down in the warm soil lie the seeds of a harvest more bountiful, more glorious, and the spring will come in God's good time, and the rains will fall, and after that the sunshine, and then, too, the Resurrection!

So, very slowly, I tried to take up the broken threads of my life again, and braid them up into what of brightness I could.

Many times my strength failed me, though, for the dying out of a first love in a woman's heart, is a slow and terrible thing. Sometimes I rose up, in the morning, and said: "I am stronger," and the night taught me my weakness. By the times that all hope and faith in God, or man, seemed to have failed me; by the tears that have drenched my pillow at night; by the slow heart-aches; by the long struggles I repeat it—the *dying of a first love in a woman's heart, is a terrible thing!*

But through much prayer and many conflicts I began to see the light from Heaven, and God's arm drew closer around me, as the summer wore on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It usually falls out that those who seek others' destruction find their own.

SUNSET IN THE FOREST.

BY HATTIE N. GRAVES.

COME with me unto the forest,
And on Nature's beauty gaze,—
See those radiant smiles of sunlight
Spread o'er earth their golden rays;
And the western face of heaven,
Smiling in its gorgeous sheen,
Glitters like a silver ruby,
In the deep horizon green!

Look on yonder pine-clad mountain,
Crested with its leafy plume—
Now 'tis wild with floating amber;
Flinging back its rich perfume;
And the trees their heads are bending,
In the shadow's deepening hue,—
To the setting sun they're bowing,—
Nodding him a calm adieu!

Hark! from leafy dell, that murmur,
Softly whispering on the air,
Like pure strains of richest music,—
Sang by the *Æolus* fair?

Hear it float away toward heaven,
Blending sweetest notes of love,
With melodious rapture singing,
To fair Nature's God—above!

Seems it not that earth is listening
To that joyous evening lay?
Is it not an angel's farewell—
Whispered to departing day?
Seems not yonder sun to linger
In his gold enamelled bower?
With his glowing adoration,
Owning a superior Power!

Is there aught in all the city,
With its bustling pride and care,
To thy wearied heart so soothing
As this balmy, forest air?
Is there aught in wealth's gay splendor,
Or in worldly fame or power,
So like heaven's ante-chamber,
As this forest's sunset hour?

Winthrop, Maine.

A FLOWER-VOICE.

"In flowers, like weeds, to be wrapped o'er."

O no! while one dear echo saith
To our low tones, "Farewell!"
We shall not yield our parting breath
Into the custody of Death,
Without a soft-voiced knell.

Our April voice found no kind air
To waft it o'er the lea—
For Winter held us in his lair
With lion-might: yet ceaseless care
Was near, to set us free.

Now, May, sweet, airy, globules, light,
Is from her censor flinging;
And we, to fill it, from our night
Of durance long, are waking bright
To notes of love, fresh ringing.

Bird-voices, toned to make our food
Of sun and air so cheering,
That we can sing alone of Good—
Of all that makes man's happiest mood
While life, thro' Death, is nearing.

Milney, May 28th, 1852.

TO MY AUNT.

I CALLED them "idle hours;"
Those hours of loving toil,
When weak, but heaven-lent powers,
For good or ill do soil
The paper clean and white
On which my thoughts I write.

But did I wrong myself?
Or did I wrong my God?
I never writ for self—

Nor for that Ariel-food,
The richest spirit luxury
My work has brought to me.

I but perform my task—
Each has some work to do:

If oft I wear a mask,

'Tis not to guise the True—

But that my course, when run,
Be blest with Heaven's "Well done!"

Cincinnati, Feb., 1857.

A. P. C.

BOYS AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

ONCE ANGRY.—FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It is a long, long time ago—so long that sitting here this morning, and looking back on it, I am half tempted to believe it is all a dream; just as you, dear little children, will half believe some time that the loves, and joys, and sorrows, of this present, which make up your lives, were dreams, only dreams.

It was in the summer, and the day was bland and beautiful. We lived in a great, old-fashioned white house, with a deep-green lawn lying in front, shaded with clumps of lilacs and syringas, while several peach-trees brushed all the year against the window panes.

Our mother had gone to New York, on a visit, and we were very lonely—my little sister, Eloise, and I—so we wandered uneasily through the great rooms of the old house, and out into the long garden, where rows of gooseberry and currant-bushes grew by the fences, where the great apple-tree shook down its blossoms thick as snow-flakes every summer, and the damsons grew purple among the dark leaves every autumn.

But, as I said, we were lonely, and very restless, and after wandering through the garden, we came at last into the front yard, and sat down among the grass; for we had nothing to do, as it was Saturday, and there was no school that day.

At last, I spoke up suddenly, in a sort of desperation: "Eloise, you see that peach tree, with the great branch broken off from its trunk? I'm going to climb up that tree."

She opened her large, gray-blue eyes upon my face. "Oh, you can't, Fannie!" she said, wonderingly. "The tree's so high; what if you should fall, and get hurt or killed?"

"Oh, I shan't, either," I answered, vehemently. "You see that broken branch makes such a nice step to commence with, and then I can get hold of those lower boughs with one hand, and cling fast to the trunk with the other; and so manage to lift myself up. (You perceive I had a very slight practical knowledge of climbing.) It will be so delightful to get up there where the winds sing all day, and the little birds peep out from their nests. Then I can tell you all about it, you know, when I come down."

She did not demur any longer, for my description had greatly stimulated her curiosity, and we both hurried off to the tree. I prepared to ascend, not doubting in any wise my ultimate success. I managed after many efforts, and almost exhausting my strength, to get as far as the broken branch; but looking up, the place where the soft winds sang, and the little birds grew up in nests, hidden among the green leaves, seemed as far off as ever.

"You'll never get up there, Fannie; I knew you couldn't," said Eloise, as I made an ineffectual attempt to get hold of the lowest bough, which still swung too far above me.

"Yes, I will, too; see if I don't, Eloise," I retorted, and winding one arm around the trunk, to maintain my somewhat doubtful equilibrium, I made still stronger efforts to grasp the bough with the other. I succeeded at last; but my head swam—my feet slipped, and with a severe bruise on my ankle, I fell at whole length to the ground.

My little sister did not know how acutely my ankle pained me; and altogether my sudden descent must have been quite a ludicrous spectacle, and for the moment this struck her forcibly. She clapped her hands, and laughed out gleefully: "There, Fannie, didn't I tell you, you'd never get up in the tree? Oh, how funny you did look coming down flat on the ground."

Did you ever have any one laugh at you, when you were suddenly hurt or disappointed? Almost every one knows there is nothing quite so trying to one's nerves and temper. I was stung with mortification at my defeat, and my sister's laugh seemed in my excitement to mock and exult over this.

I rose up quickly, angrily, hardly conscious of what I was doing, though the pain in my ankle grew severer every moment, and I struck her fiercely with my clenched hand, blow after blow—it might be for the space of half a minute.

I can still see the look of wonder that settled into her large eyes; then her face fell, her lips quivered, and the tears broke over her cheeks; but she stood still—she did not shriek or scream.

The sight of these tears recalled me to myself. My hands dropped, the anger went out from my heart, as a sharp pang of remorse went in. "Oh, Eloise, Eloise!" I cried, "what have I done!"

But she only sobbed the harder, and every sob was a terrible reproach to me.

"I didn't mean to, indeed, I didn't," I said, self-convicted, and standing like the culprit I felt before her. "I was mad, I guess; something came over me, and I couldn't help it."

"See here, now, what's all this crying about?" called out a neighbor, who had been attracted by the cry, putting her head out of her kitchen door.

"Fannie's been striking me," answered Eloise, betwixt her tears.

"Well, she's a naughty girl, and I shall just go over and tell Biddy to keep her in the house all day," was the sharp rejoinder. Eloise turned and looked at me, and a ray of pity stole through the great tears that stood in her eyes.

"She didn't mean to hurt me. It was because I laughed at her. Please don't tell, *Miss Hunt*," she called out to the woman who was preparing to execute her threat at once.

"Well, I'll let you off this time, if you'll promise never to do such a thing again," was the lady's ultimatum to me.

Of course I made the promise, and she disappeared within her own door; and then, *Eloise* and I sat down on the long, soft grass.

My little sister's generosity had made me doubly repentant. I wound my arms around her, and said very humbly: "It was so kind of you, *Eloise*, not let her tell *Biddy*, and I was a very wicked girl to strike you so. Won't you forgive me?"

And she lifted up her little dainty lips that

always looked like a red rose, when it is just breaking through the calyx, and kissed my cheek.

And then, I cried for joy, that we had "made up."

This was the first and the last time that I ever struck my sister; and even now, through all the years that lie between, my heart smites me for the pain I caused her then. She has gone now, where there is no more pain or weeping, walking among the white meadows, listening to the soft flowing of the springs, that keep green forever the gardens of Heaven; while I, walking still among the valleys, look up sometimes, and feel that an angel is smiling on me from the hills, where the "Redeemed" walk in their white garments.

Little children, remember what I have said, lest the "once angry" shall haunt you also in the "to come."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. DAINTY was asleep in her easy chair, and the children, with no governess to interest or instruct them, were ranging through the house at will, and finding their own amusements, when the educated English lady arrived, and sent up her card.

"Mrs. Jeckyl—Jeckyl—who is she? I have no acquaintance by that name," said Mrs. Dainty, as she looked at the card through her half-awake eyes. "What kind of a person is she?"

"She's dressed in black," replied the waiter.

"Have you ever seen her before?" inquired Mrs. Dainty.

"No, ma'am."

"Is she genteel-looking? Has she the appearance of a lady?"

"She walks like a lady," replied the discriminating waiter; "but her black is a little rusty."

"Somebody that wants charity, I suppose," said Mrs. Dainty, with a look of disgust, and an impatient toss of the head. "Go down and say that I am engaged; but that she can send me word as to her business."

The waiter retired. On coming back he said:

"The woman wouldn't tell me her business. She says she was desired to call by Mrs. Ashton; but that if you are not prepared to see her, it is of no consequence."

"Mrs. Ashton! Oh, yes; now I understand! Has she gone?"

The manner of Mrs. Dainty changed suddenly and she made the inquiry with manifest eagerness.

"She acted as if she were going," replied the waiter.

"Go back quickly, and say that I will be down in a moment."

A gleam of satisfaction shot across the face of Mrs. Dainty.

"My new English governess!" she ejaculated in a low tone, as the waiter left the room. "I'll soon have a new order of things with the children!"

After slightly adjusting her dress, which had become disarranged during her sleep in the easy chair, Mrs. Dainty put on as grave an air of dignity as she could assume, and went down to the parlor. As she entered, a tall woman dressed in black arose, and stood, awaiting her approach, with a half proud, half deferential air, fixing upon her at the same time two small, gray, piercing eyes, that seemed to go right through Mrs. Dainty. Her widow's weeds, as the waiter had informed his mistress, were a little rusty; and the same might be said of her complexion. Her nose was rather a marked feature for prominence and size; her lips were delicate in comparison with the rest of her face, and had a certain flexibility, which showed them to be quick indicators of feeling. The whole aspect of the face made upon Mrs. Dainty, at the first glance, rather an unfavorable impression; and she seemed to be pushed from, rather than drawn towards the woman.

"Mrs. Jeckyl," she said, assuming a frank, smiling courtesy, as she came forward and offered her hand.

"My name." And the visitor bowed with a reserved dignity, giving only the tips of her fingers to Mrs. Dainty.

"Mrs. Ashton desired you to call."

"Yes, ma'am. She said you were about changing

your governess, and would like to see me on the subject."

The woman's manner a little embarrassed Mrs. Dainty—there was in it an air of conscious superiority, that rather overawed her.

"I have dismissed an upstart American girl, who took on airs with both me and my children," replied Mrs. Dainty, with considerable warmth.

"American girls, I have observed," said the visitor, "are apt to forget themselves in the respect you mention. It grows naturally out of your system of government, I presume. This equality of the people must often show itself as an offensive element in society. I have been many times annoyed by it since I came to America."

"Oh, it's dreadful!" replied Mrs. Dainty. "Dreadful!"

"Like other evils," was replied, "it will, I suppose, cure itself in time. People who can afford to be independent, will throw off the rude familiars who thrust themselves too far in advance of their right positions.

"Exactly so, as I have done in the case of Miss Harper, whom I sent off without a moment's warning, for the offence of presumption. She very foolishly imagined that her judgment and her will, touching the children were superior to mine, and ventured to set me at naught in their eyes. It was a bold experiment on her part, and proved, of course, a failure."

"If all American ladies would act with a like decision of character," said Mrs. Jeckyl, "a needed reform would take place much sooner than it is likely to occur, while things go on as at present. But, to the purpose of my visit. You desire, as I understand, to secure the services of a competent governess for your children."

"I do," replied Mrs. Dainty.

"So I have been informed; and I have called to see you at the particular request of Mrs. Ashton. I do not know that I am prepared to make a positive engagement at present, however. The position will be new to me; and I feel averse to assuming it. Having moved all my life in the best English society, I find it hard to repress a natural repugnance to becoming a mere employee—a kind of half servant in an American family."

"I am not surprised at the feeling," said Mrs. Dainty, whose respect for the lady had mounted at least thirty degrees on the scale of estimation. "It would be strange if you felt differently. But I think we can make your position in our family wholly agreeable. At least, it shall not be my fault, if there is any failure."

"If the lady herself is on my side ——" Mrs. Jeckyl paused.

"You need not be troubled for the rest," said Mrs. Dainty, finishing the sentence.

"Very truly said," was remarked in a compliant, insinuating manner.

The two ladies then came down to a regular business interview, in which the questions of service

and compensation were fully discussed. The terms of the applicant were high, and her stipulations varied. She was to have no care of the children beyond their education. Mrs. Dainty must have a nurse to give all attention to their bodily wants, while she administered solely to their mental needs. The hours of study must be fixed, and the nurse produce the children, at the study-room doors, precisely at the time specified. With the termination of the study hours, all demands upon the governess for service in the family must end. After that, her time must be her own. As to her meals, they must be sent to her room, and she must have the privilege of ordering as she desired from the day's bill of fare. All this was imperative, and all this Mrs. Dainty yielded, so earnest was she in her desire to secure the services of this accomplished English lady.

"There is one thing of which I must advise you," said Mrs. Dainty, during the interview. "We have residing with us a bachelor uncle of mine, who, being in no business, amuses himself by petty interferences in our family concerns. He is a terrible annoyance, sometimes. I mention this in the beginning, that you may be prepared for him. One of the reasons why I sent off that American girl was, because he took her side in everything, and encouraged her in all her airs and assumptions."

"He must keep out of my way." There was a peculiar lifting of Mrs. Jeckyl's upper lip as she said this—as we sometimes see it in an angry beast—just showing her teeth enough to make it evident that she had the power to bite, and the will, too, under sufficient provocation. The effect on Mrs. Dainty was not pleasant; but she waved aside the warning impression as something in which there was no meaning.

"Hold him entirely aloof," she said. "Do not permit his interference in the smallest matter."

"What right has he to interfere?" Mrs. Jeckyl showed a measure of womanly indignation.

"None!" was answered with warmth. "None! I consider myself competent to decide in all questions touching the management of my own children; and his meddlesome interference puts me out of all patience. We must lay our heads together to circumvent him entirely."

"Why circumvent?" said Mrs. Jeckyl. "Why take all that trouble? Isn't there an easier and plainer way?"

"I do not wish seriously to offend my uncle," replied Mrs. Dainty, slightly depressing her tone. "He is an excellent, well-meaning, kind-hearted man. I would, therefore, circumvent, rather than harshly oppose him. He is rather quick-tempered, and an open rupture might ensue. The best way for you will be to keep him entirely at a distance. Stand wholly on your dignity. Do not respond to any suggestion or advice that he may offer in regard to the children, but keep your own counsel, and carry out your own views."

"Trust me for that," said Mrs. Jeckyl. "He will always find me rock or India rubber."

"When will you come?" asked Mrs. Dainty, as this preliminary interview was about closing.

"As early as you desire," replied the educated English lady. "To-morrow, if it is agreeable."

"I wish you would say this afternoon."

"This afternoon!" Mrs. Jeckyl opened her small grey eyes wider than usual.

"I have a particular reason," said Mrs. Dainty.

"If it is very particular." There was a yielding air about Mrs. Jeckyl.

"It is, *very* particular. I will explain. Uncle John knows nothing at all yet about my break with Miss Harper; and still thinks her in the house. Her services were obtained through him, and he seems to regard her as a kind of protego. Now, in order to let him understand that I am entirely in earnest, and that her return is impossible, I wish him to learn two facts in the case at the same time—that the old governess has left the house, and that a new one has entered. This will prevent a brief, but unpleasant struggle for the mastery. You understand me?"

"Clearly."

"And will remain?"

Mrs. Jeckyl reflected for some time.

"I see exactly what you wish to accomplish," she said, "and sympathize with you entirely. To-morrow would suit me better; yet, troublesome difficulties may pile themselves up between this and to-morrow."

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," remarked Mrs. Dainty.

"It is, as everyone has proved a hundred times in life," said the new governess.

"It will be wise for us, then, to use the ounce of prevention."

"It will," replied Mrs. Jeckyl.

"Then you will at once assume your new duties in my family?"

"Yes."

"I am delighted at your compliance," said Mrs. Dainty, pleased as an impulsive child in gaining some desired object. "We shall soon have a new order of things that will defy Uncle John's petty interference. Come with me, and I will take you to your room, and then introduce you to my children."

CHAPTER IX.

Showing the room was a simple affair, but when it came to showing up the children, the matter assumed rather a complicated aspect. Agnes was the first whom Mrs. Dainty ventured to introduce to the new governess.

"My oldest daughter, Mrs. Jeckyl," she said, as Agnes, who had been summoned to the study-room, entered, with a grave, half-wondering, perceptibly-clouded face. "Agnes, Mrs. Jeckyl, our new governess, who takes the place of Miss Harper."

Agnes, who had advanced to within a few steps of her mother and Mrs. Jeckyl, stopped suddenly. The quicker flowing blood dyed her face to a deep crimson. The tall, repulsive looking English wo-

man—repulsive to the sight of Agnes—advanced a step and offered her hand; but, instead of taking the extended hand, Agnes merely returned her sharp, penetrating look, with one half fearful and half repugnant.

"Why don't you speak to the lady?" said Mrs. Dainty, with some sharpness of tone.

Agnes partially extended her hand, and Mrs. Jeckyl, changing her dignified look to one of smiling insinuation, accepted the reluctant courtesy.

"Sit down, my dear." Mrs. Dainty's manner changed, and her voice assumed its pleasantest tones.

The three then sat down, facing each other; but neither of them at ease.

"Mrs. Jeckyl," said the mother, "has come to take the place of Miss Harper as your governess. She is an accomplished English lady, and will be very kind to you. I shall expect you to submit yourselves to her, dutifully; and to be guided by her instructions. You are the oldest, my daughter, and your example to Madeline and George will be all potent. As you lead, they will follow. Lead them kindly, then, into obedience and acquiescence. It is in your power to make this change an easy one for all parties. Confide in Mrs. Jeckyl. You will find her worthy of all confidence."

"Believe me, my dear child." Mrs. Jeckyl took up the theme in a peculiarly insinuating voice, and with a smile that obliterated nearly every disagreeable feature in her countenance—"that I am, indeed, your friend. I do not come here as a harsh, exacting tyrant, but as a sympathising instructor. I shall not be over-exacting; though earnest in seeking your improvement. Do not fear that I will require you to run where only the skill to walk is possessed. Let us be friends in the beginning."

And she seized the hand of Agnes, and gave it a warm pressure.

Mrs. Dainty was delighted at this; it was so different from the cold, unbending manner of Florence Harper. She saw in it the polished complaisance of a superior, educated woman, in contrast with the weak, upstart pretensions of a presuming American girl, elevated by circumstances, into a position of authority.

But Agnes was not to be won over so easily. Young eyes often see deeper at the first glance than old ones. The hand taken by Mrs. Jeckyl, gave no returning pressure. Mrs. Dainty was chafed at this, and said, with some impatience of manner, yet in a low tone, meant only for the ears of her daughter:

"This is unlady-like! Try and show a little breeding."

"Oh, never fear, madam," spoke out, in a free way, the new governess, who had heard the admonition; "we will be good friends enough. Your daughter must have time to make my acquaintance. First impressions are rarely continued. She will find me considerate, just, and sympathising. I have been young, and can well remember the days of girlhood. Indeed, the child in me is not all extinguished yet."

I like your daughter's face, and see in it the index of a mind to which judicious culture will give strength and beauty."

"Thank you for the prophecy," said Mrs. Dainty, highly pleased with this well-timed remark. "I have seen that Agnes possessed more than ordinary endowments, and that all she wanted was a judicious instructor, who could be, at the same time, a wise and loving friend. Be that to her, Mrs. Jeckyl, and you will have our everlasting gratitude."

"Trust me, madam, that I will seek the highest good of your children in all things," was replied in a manner that was meant to be impressive; but which so thinly veiled the hypocrite, that Agnes, whose eyes were upon the woman's face, curled her lip in almost involuntary contempt.

"Call George and Madeline," said Mrs. Dainty, but little encouraged by Agnes's reception of the governess, and anxious to get matters settled between this latter personage and the children, as quickly as possible.

Agnes left the room, and soon returned with her brother and sister. Madeline entered with a demure face, and shy, timid air; while George bounded in, boy-like, shouting at the top of his voice.

"George!" Mrs. Dainty held up her finger in a warning way.

George checked his rude manner, and stood with his large eyes fixed curiously upon the face of Mrs. Jeckyl, who tried to put on a most winning countenance. But, so far as the boy was concerned, her effort was entirely fruitless. To him, her aspect was wholly repulsive.

"What old woman is this, mamma?" he asked, looking from Mrs. Jeckyl to his mother.

"Why, George! George! Hush! What do you mean? Where is your manners?" And the face of Mrs. Dainty crimsoned.

"You see, Mrs. Jeckyl," she said, trying to apologize for the child's rudeness, "how our children are the coarse manners of these vulgar American domestics. Miss Harper, the governess whom I have just dismissed, has left her mark behind her, as you see, and a very ugly mark it is."

"She isn't ugly at all!" exclaimed George, by no means comprehending the drift of his mother's remark, but understanding clearly enough, that Miss Harper was the subject of disparaging words. "She's beautiful, and I love her—I do!"

"Madeline, dear," Mrs. Dainty turned from George, over whom she had but little influence, and spoke very pleasantly. "Let me present you to Mrs. Jeckyl, who is to be your governess in the place of Miss Harper."

But, the child, instead of advancing towards Mrs. Jeckyl, stepped back slowly, as if the woman's eyes were two broad, strong hands, pushing her away—receding until she stood against the wall.

"Madeline! Come here this moment! What do you mean?" Mrs. Dainty spoke sharply,

The child now moved, sideling along the wall, keeping her gaze fixed, as by a kind of fascination,

upon Mrs. Jeckyl, until she came opposite to where her mother was sitting. Then, not withdrawing her eyes for an instant from the strange woman's face, she came forward and stood by her mother's side.

"This is my second daughter, Madeline," said Mrs. Dainty, pushing the child towards Mrs. Jeckyl.

"How are you, my dear?" Mrs. Jeckyl, seeming not to observe the intense repugnance of the child, reached out a hand, and taking hold of Madeline, drew her almost forcibly to her side.

"What a nice little girl!" she said, holding her tightly in one hand, and smoothing her hair with the other. "What sweet curls! Where did you get them, dear?"

But Madeline, with a flushed half-frightened face, tried to release herself from the woman's firm grip.

"What dear children you have!" said Mrs. Jeckyl, now insinuating an arm around Madeline, and continuing to smooth her hair, with gentle, but regularly repeated passes. We shall be the best of friends in a little while. I shall love them very much."

Once or twice Madeline—over whose face rapid changes were passing—at one moment it was deeply flushed, and at the next overspread by a strange pallor—made a spring in the effort to release herself. But the hand of Mrs. Jeckyl, that was upon her arm, tightened to a vice-like grasp, while the other intermitted not for an instant its regular motions, just above, or slightly touching her hair.

"We shall be very good friends, madam—the best of friends. I always attach children strongly." Mrs. Jeckyl spoke confidently, and like one wholly at her ease.

At this moment Mrs. Dainty became oppressed with a feeling of vague terror, united with an almost intolerable repugnance towards Mrs. Jeckyl; and it was with an effort that she overcame the impulse to spring forward, and snatch Madeline from her investing arm. A little while she struggled weakly against this strange feeling; then it passed slowly away, and like one awakening from a dream, she found the current of her life moving on once more in its regular channels. But she had a different impression of Mrs. Jeckyl, and a new feeling towards her. It seemed as if they had been suddenly removed from each other, and to so great a distance, that immediate contact was forever impossible. She was about suggesting, that it might be as well for Mrs. Jeckyl to defer until the next day, her formal entrance into the family, when she observed a change in Madeline, who, instead of endeavoring to get away from the new governess, now leaned against her, although the hand that held her a little while before was no longer closed upon her arm. Almost at the moment of noticing this, Mrs. Jeckyl raised the unresisting child to her lap, who leaned her head back against her, and gazed up into her face, with a pleased, confiding, almost affectionate look.

"I said we would be good friends." Mrs. Jeckyl glanced, with an exultant smile, towards Mrs. Dainty. "I understand the art of attaching children. What a dear, sweet child this is! I promise myself a world of pleasure in entering into her pure young mind, and storing it with lessons of wisdom. And your oldest daughter —"

Mrs. Jeckyl turned her glittering eyes—that seemed to have in them a charmed power—upon Agnes.

For a moment or two the young girl was retained by them, as if a spell were on her; then she turned away and fled from the room, her whole being pervaded by a strange sense of fear.

Not in the smallest degree did Mrs. Jeckyl seem to be disconcerted at this.

"Young people have curious fancies," she said, in an even voice. "I am used to them, and know how to adapt myself to all these variant peculiari-

ties. Give yourself no further trouble about my position with your children. I will manage all that. Leave me, now, with Madeline and George. I want to make their better acquaintance. Come, George, dear; I have in my pocket the funniest little box, with the funniest little man in it, you ever saw in your life."

The funny little box, and the funny little man, won over the romping boy, and he went to the side of Mrs. Jeckyl without a moment's hesitation.

It was as much as Mrs. Dainty could do to tear herself from the apartment, and leave her two little children alone with this woman. She felt a vague sense of evil. A shadow, as from the wing of danger, seemed to have fallen upon her spirit. But Mrs. Jeckyl asked to be alone with them, and she felt that she must retire.


T. S. A.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1857.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

 See colored plate.

LADY ON THE LEFT.—Robe of lavender *poult de soie*, plain skirt, high body, and pointed. The full muslin under-sleeves show between the strips of silk like the dress, formed to a wristband, and covered by the gauntlet-wristed promenade glove, which is to be had of kid, silk, and Lisle thread. The muslin under-sleeve is often very elaborately embroidered; but by many it is worn nearly plain. Some ladies form the sleeve of strips of white and lavender silk alternating. This style of dress appears well in lilac and isly green.

The black lace basque covers the body and forms a bertha falling over the sleeve-heads. The fringe edge is of sewing-silk and bouillon, braided with a velvet ribbon.

The gaiters match the color of the dress, and lace over the centre of the foot with buttons, instead of up the side, as recently.

The *chapeau* is of white chip and pink or lilac satin, in alternating stripes, trimmed with a white lace *voilette* fastened to the edge of the front, and the edges of the double curtain are of narrow lace, in keeping. The *dessous* (cap) is of blonde, enlivened with lively flowers and garden foliage of the season. The *brides* (strings) are wide, and either of white or pink; and two flyers of the same, headed by a knot on the curtain, float carelessly on the back and shoulders, being edged with the same kind of white lace which trims the curtain,—the collar is rather wide and elaborately embroidered,—cameo, jet, and pearl bracelets.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.—The body of the robe is high, and pointed at the waist. The sleeves are *demi-pagoda*, being closed at the arm-hole and moderately large at the wrist. The skirt is plain, and the material is silk barege, green in mode, or oak-colored plaided stripes. The goods are very watery and lustrous in appearance.

The lace shawl mantilla, in strawberry or pineapple points, is the highest style of promenade wear, or for wear at church, or a lecture. The headings are of gimp, velvet, or *passemmentarie*.

The bonnet is of white satin, trimmed with white lace, and ornamented with flowers and foliage on the sides, and a cap of blonde, ornamented in keeping with flowers and foliage. Gloves a light russet kid or lilac.

MIDSUMMER FASHIONS.

This is the season for charming breakfast rides, and cosey evening drives—for midnight musings and midday sentiment. The summer resorts are now filling up, and in no country on earth is there so rich a prospect for romance as in our own happy land; for at the watering places, where great numbers congregate with the determination to be happy, there is a genial glow of mellow, good humor, and what with wit, beauty, good breeding, and love making, if people are not made perfectly happy, at those centres of social activity, we don't know why they should not be consigned to the sober sentimentality of old maids; and the stray oxen of society, termed old bachelors—a seedy set altogether.

But now let us turn only to the first leaf in the book of human nature, being the outside, and we shall see that humanity has not degenerated in appearance since this month last year.

OVER DRESSES.

TUNISIAN.—Shawl-shaped mantilla, of black taffetas, with a hood formed with a tassel at the centre of the opening, back of the neck, and three tassels continuing each other at the point of the hood on the back; the edges trimmed with deep twisted fringe, and headed with acorn buttons.

TALMA.—Silk circular, pointed before and behind, without a collar or a hood; but edged with tassels headed by a rich row of *passementerie*, and with two falls of lace; the one from the neck about eight inches deep, and the other from between the shoulder and elbows, about twelve inches, this one being headed with a row of *passementerie* and fringe, like the bottom. The points in front and on the back reach within a foot of the ground.

Many mantillas of muslin and of lace are worn rather short, but generally in the shawl-shape, with fringe, jet, and *passementerie* ornaments. A pretty summer mantle, is called the *Rosati*, and cut in the half shawl-shape; the front forming long lappets and all edged with fringe. *Quadrille* trimming is fashionable, and this is trimmed with rows of four inches depth, *quadrilles* alternating with similar width of the stuff of the mantle, plain. Then there are the black and light-colored silks, cut in the close-fitting basque-form, trimmed with rows of *quadrille* and jets, or with edges and rows of lace, or with edges of fringe, the ends of the flowing winged-sleeves being trimmed in keeping, as is also the bertha, which falls low on the shoulders, and pointed at the waist behind, with the neck and front edges, the latter being closed with silk olives. But of all the over-garments of the season, there are none so favorably regarded as the *cassaque*, and the long mixt cashmerette cloak, with a hood. The *cassaque* extends to the calf, with the waist rather long, and the body fitting like a riding habit, and either cut across at the waist or in the basque style; but the back is extremely narrow and delicate at the waist, and the skirt is pointed behind and in front, curving at the sides a trifle, but quite full from the centre of the back about three inches each way; thus giving it more life and air, than if it were as plain as at the sides. Of course the skirt must be full enough to fall smoothly over the *crinoline* skirt, but this is done by hollowing the top, or forming it into a circle like a cape. We are often asked what *crinolins* means, and in answer, *crin* is the French term for horse-hair, and *crinoline* is a skirt of horse-hair, or a skirt, the waist of which is formed of horse-hair, and other materials. The sleeves of the *cassaque* are full, flowing, and round at the end, but very plain, in keeping with the bottom of the skirt, which is also velvet trimming; but the bertha is trimmed with jet and fringe, or jet and lace, or *passementerie* alone; and the front is

closed with olive buttons. Sometimes the sleeves are formed of several round shingles, like capes, and the edge of each shingle trimmed with acorn jets. The favorite material is a very light, single-milled cloth mixture, or a *mousseline de laine*; but it is sometimes made of silk. Black pelase cloth is also employed, but very light mixtures are preferred. The material for the *cassaque*, and the long cloak are the same; and the cloak is perfectly plain in the trimming; the hood and body being lined with silk, and the lower corner of the hood trimmed with a tassel.

BONNETS.

Full dress bonnets of lace and crape, with others of mixt straw, and silk, are colors to suit the taste of the wearer. The curtain is very deep, and the crown is very small, enlivened with a fall of lace from the summit and one over the curtain, and the front edge of the border trimmed with a *ruche* of ribbon, and one side enlivened with a bird of Paradise, and the other with a cluster of fruit, foliage, and flowers. The cap is of *blonde*, enlivened at the sides with flowers and grasses. The strings are of wide ribbon, and the same ribbon often forms streamers which fall over the curtain upon the shoulders, and are sometimes edged very narrowly with lace or *blonde*.

The dresses of ladies were never prettier than at present.

DRESSES.

A novelty in cut has recently appeared, but we cannot believe it will be lasting; we allude to a point on each side of the body, similar to the one on the back, and the one in front. Goods wide in longitudinal stripes, strongly pronounced, or "loud," and of all materials, is the fashion. The catalogue of materials which we gave in the spring has gained no accessions worthy of mention, for the celebrated *sublime* has proved a *fiasco*. Poplins, plain, jaspés and *chenes* in high shades of lilac, lavender, light blue, and green, are in vogue. Morning dresses are still made with basques and flowers, except of striped goods, and the materials in small checks are in great favor.

Sleeves are in the Jew, Greek, and pagoda shapes being half mutton-leg with a wristband, over which to wear the pretty silk gauntlet gloves now in vogue, or formed of balloon puffs; or made to fit at the arm-hole and extend three quarters in length in the bell or pagoda shape.

Necks are high for all morning dresses, and the bertha is sometimes run around midway of the shoulders, falling upon the shoulders in lace, or in a ruffle and fringe edge; jets and bugies with fringe being the principal trimmings, if we except ribbons, which were never more generally employed than at present.

COIFFURES.

One style is to part the hair in front, and bring up the hair from back of the head over a round comb, which passes over the head from ear to ear, and then the ends of the hair form a single, large

curl or loose twist at the side of the face, mixing with a *cachepens* of triangular black lace which covers the back of the head, and two corners mixing with the hair fall on the bosom; and then roses and foliage enliven the lace at each side, just back of the round comb. This is a charming style for a blonde; but for dark hair, scarlet fruit, flowers, and foliage, enlivened with pearls, is the prettiest. Some young ladies still comb their hair back, quite disclosing the forehead, and the ribbon which holds it back joins with the knot binding up the hair, quite low in the neck, from whence proceed several streamers of ribbon flowing about the shoulders.

VELVET WRISTLETS, either tied in a flowing bow and ends, or fastened with a broche, are in vogue.— Cameos are quite the style for bracelets.

Of the numerous ornamental ball buttons which enliven the fronts of the bodies of light dresses, there are none so pretty for white as coral; those representing the red cherry; and then the breast-

pin and bracelet should correspond. This is pretty for a brown complexion.

Lilac gloves are quite the rage for morning, those of russet for mid-day, and light lemon and white for evening.

A double or treble skirted lilac dress, with head-dress of lilies, is the style for third mourning.

DESIGN FOR THE CAPE OF A CHILD'S COAT, IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

One of the prettiest out-door dresses for a very young child is a white cashmere coat. This being, made with a cape requires an embroidered border, which we have supplied in our illustrations. It is done in bright blue silk. The scollops are finished with a silk fringe of the same color. A row of the sprigs is also to be carried up each side of the front. The contrast of the white and blue is very pretty for young children, and a little out-of-door dress made in this way is really elegant.

Editors' Department.

WHICH IS THE LADY?

"Who lives there, Hettie?" And Cousin Henry pointed to the pretty pink cottage, hiding behind its dark cedars and drooping larches, which we could see very plainly from the front chamber window where we sat together.

"Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett live there. They are young people, and I wish you could see the lady, Cousin Henry."

"Why, Hettie?"

"Because she is so perfectly lady-like. It is really a luxury to one's æsthetic faculties to watch her. I cannot keep my eyes off her when she comes in here; every movement is so full of grace. She walks across the room, or takes a seat, in a way that is perfectly captivating; in short, she realizes my *ideal of a lady*, graceful, elegant, refined—what are you laughing at, Cousin Henry?"

"At yourself. Forgive me, dear, but I see you haven't lost your old intensity of language since we parted. I believe, however, extravagant adjectives are one of the failings of your sex. I should like to see this paragon of yours, anyhow."

"Well, you shall, to-morrow afternoon. How fortunate that mamma invited her and Mrs. Pease to tea."

"And who is Mrs. Pease?"

"Another of our recent neighbors. She lives in that neat, straw-colored brick house, just down the road. But, dear me! she isn't at all like Mrs. Garrett, though they are old friends and schoolmates. She's fat and dumpy, and so clumsy and gauche. They

do say, though, she's very kind-hearted. Hark! doesn't that robin sing sweetly in the old elm?" And listening to the notes as they pulsed up through the green leaves, I forgot all about the gossip with which I had been entertaining my companion during the morning.

I had not seen Cousin Henry Ward for four years. He had been in California during this time, and his return was an occasion of great rejoicing to me. There were ties beside those of kindred existing between us, for Henry's blue-eyed wife, Clara Hunter, had been the tenderly-beloved companion of my girlhood. She was now visiting her parents at the West, and as business brought him to New York soon after his return, he managed to run up to Woodfern for a couple of days.

Cousin Henry was a little eccentric in his views and opinions. I am certain I never quarrelled with any other man half so much as I have with him. I am certain I never loved two others as well. His heart was a warm, generous, true one; and his perceptions of character were remarkably acute; so, from childhood we had quarrelled. I had pouted, and then we "made up," and ended by loving each other as brothers and sisters not often do.

The next afternoon our neighbors made their advent. Mrs. Garrett was elegant, fascinating as ever, and I saw Cousin Henry, who, like most men of his temperament, highly appreciated grace and beauty, was much attracted by the lady's manner.

Perhaps her face was not regularly beautiful, but its brightness and vivacity more than atoned for

this; and there was a grace, an ease, and self-possession in every movement and manner, which impressed every one. Her voice was clear and soft, her conversation cultivated and piquant, and it seemed as if an atmosphere of elegance and refinement environed her at all times.

Very unlike this was her friend, Mrs. Pease. Her manners were not unladylike, and her conversation was pleasing and intelligent; but her mould was very different from her friend's, who, perhaps, was not unaware of the marked contrast between them, for Mrs. Pease's figure was large, heavy and inelegant. I do not believe she *could* have committed a graceful action; and while Mrs. Garrett's taste in dress was exquisite, Mrs. Pease's sense of fitness of arrangement and harmony of color was remarkably obtuse.

But just before tea, a circumstance occurred which materially affected our relative estimates of the ladies.

Mrs. Winters, another of our neighbors, called to see us. She was a pretty, rather characterless, and, on the whole, well-meaning sort of woman, who lived in a very dashing style, and was very anxious to ignore her early life, which was obscure. But then, we all have our weaknesses, and if Mrs. Winters lacked moral courage in this matter, most likely you and I do in some other, reader.

I observed that our new guest seemed a little embarrassed when I presented her to the others, and partly divined the cause, when they spoke of being natives of the same town.

"You have, however, altered so much, I should hardly recognize you, Mrs. Winters," remarked Mrs. Garrett, in the course of their conversation. "But you know we used to meet almost every afternoon, as you returned from the factory and I from school." Her voice was very low and soft, but it seemed to me there was a little consciousness in the smile that curved the lips of the lady, while Mrs. Winters' face changed suddenly to crimson, as she stammered some incoherent reply.

Mrs. Pease interrupted her, suddenly, and very earnestly: "I, too, remember you, Mrs. Winters, because of those delightful visits we used to have together at your uncle the Colonel's. You know he was quite the lion of our town, and then, my father thought so much of him." Mrs. Winters, face beamed with smiles, as she turned it toward Mrs. Pease, but I doubt whether she felt so happy as that lady just then.

"Well, Sara," remarked Mrs. Garrett, while we were at supper, "I always thought you hadn't the slightest leaven of art in your nature. But I really doubted it, when you made that very effective speech to Mrs. Winters."

"Did you, Annie? Well, I couldn't help feeling very sorry for her, when you alluded to her factory life. She wishes to forget her antecedents, and if we cannot respect her motives, we certainly should her feelings."

"I don't agree with you, Sara." The elegant lady was evidently a little disturbed. "If people are so

weak as to be ashamed of their antecedents, they should be exposed and mortified. I intended she should understand I knew just who she was, and how she worked for several years in my father's factory and married his foreman.

"And now, on account of the sudden fortune he has acquired, she presumes to take airs, and set herself on a social eminence with those who always thought her infinitely beneath them. It's really quite ridiculous."

"But her manners are certainly refined, Annie, as much so as many a rich man's daughter I have seen."

"Well, her father was a drunkard, and her mother a poor shiftless creature. That remark of yours about the Colonel, must have been very acceptable for I honestly believe he was the only respectable relative Martha Winters ever had."

Some occurrence, I forget what, prevented any reply to this ironical conclusion of Mrs. Garrett's.

"And that is your ideal of a 'perfect lady'—oh, Nettie!" said my cousin, when we were alone that evening.

"I shall never love Mrs. Garrett any more," I answered, thrumming desperately on the piano keys. "Any woman who could intentionally wantonly injure the feelings of another, can not be a lady."

"You are right, cousin Nettie," and Henry came up to me, and drew back my head, and smoothed down my hair, just as he used to do, when we sat, in the late autumn days, under the barberry bushes, "no woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is coarse-grained, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. She is plebeian, not in birth or fortune, it may be, but in her soul.

"How I wish all good people were beautiful and agreeable," I said. "Now there's Mrs. Pease, after all, she's the true lady," and then I fell to thinking.

"Of what are you thinking, Nettie?" at last asked my cousin Henry, and I looked up to find his dark, searching eyes on my face.

"I was thinking, cousin Henry, how the angels' estimate of us must differ from our own; for they, with their clearer vision, behold that 'beauty of soul' which homeliness of setting can change or obscure. How little must this earthly loveliness we so highly, perhaps so rightly value, seem to them.—Oh, when shall we, to whom beauty is a joy, a happiness, a love, and yet who feel and acknowledge a loveliness beyond any that is outward and sensuous, because it is of the right, born of God, and eternal—when shall we learn to say *this is beauty!* always recognizing and rejoicing in it?"

"When this mortal shall have put on immortality," answered the deep voice of my cousin, and then we went to the window, and looking up together to the shining skies, said simultaneously, those grand, solemn triumphant words of Paul the Apostle:—"When this mortal shall have put on immortality."

V. F. T.

EMILIE.—BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"When the birds come, I shall be better."

—[EMILIE FLORENCE TOWNSEND.

WHEN the birds come! Oh sweetly as last year,
The robins' songs pulse downward through the
boughs,
And the May mornings rise upon the hills,
And in the sunshine, and in budding flowers,
Are writ the summer's *Genesis*.

But thou,

Beloved sister, with thy tender eyes
Dropping their smiles upon me like the light,
Wilt come no more, and, sitting here, I call
Thee vainly through my tears.

How can I feel

These soft winds, and this sunshine o'er thy grave,
Wander to-day—that in the dew and bloom
Of thy young girlhood, they have laid thee down,
To that one sleep which never song of birds
Or voice of love hath awakened.

I had viewed,

My fragrant lily on the waves of life,
Thy opening with *such* pride, and I had watched
Thy gentleness and purity, as one
Watcheth some rare pearl.

Oh! to think we walked

Together through our childhood—that we played
So, many summers where the apple blooms
Tangled thy bright hair!—and to think thy life,
So beautiful and brief, hath passed from me,
As some sweet psalm, whose echoes haunt the air
Long afterward!

Yes, thou art "better" now,

Where the birds sing upon the purple hills,
And angels deep hosannas strike along
The sapphire meadows!

I must walk God's way,

It may be through long years, and I shall wake
In silent watches of these summer nights,
And call for thee.

Thou wilt not answer me—

No bark sends back its signal from that shore—
And yet, oh angel, sister! thy white arms,
Unseen, may beckon me, and when I lay
Life's "scrip and staff" down wearily, thy voice,
Dropping its silver cadence from the sky,
May guide me o'er the hills, Come home! come
home!"

CASTLE-BUILDING.

"THAT'S IT"—the genuine orthodox attitude, and expression. We can't help but admire the graceful abandon of the figure, the sweet, dreamy face, and the bare, beautiful, arms, crossed with such luxurious indolence on the lap—certainly the whole picture appeals powerfully to all one's aesthetic faculties; but, for all that, it is painful to us.

"Let it alone." We say this almost as earnestly to the "castle builder" as we would to the drunkard, or the opium-taker, for the habitual indulgence in these things, differing though it may in kind and de-

gree, still contains the elements of mental and moral disease.

For the young particularly is this proneness to wander into "dream-land" to be avoided. This habitual dwelling among beautiful, intangible visions and fancies, doesn't nourish and strengthen the soul, for that life-work that all must perform, or else have God write at the close those fearful words, "Unprofitable servant."

We write strongly on this subject because we write from experience—because we *know* what a pleasant narcotic to all the jars, and discords, and annoyances of life, "castle-building," is.

But it is a tendency that must early be guarded against, and very sparingly indulged in, else it will be a terrible draft upon life's great capital, *time*; and dreaming is not working, and this dwelling in the world of our imaginations too much, makes the world of reality dull, and bare, and distasteful, and so an unhappy, restless, morbid frame of mind is encouraged, which makes the possessor dissatisfied and miserable.

We are no advocate of bare utilitarianism. That man and that woman who have no poetry in their natures, no little hidden spring, no precious nook of fragrant wild flowers, are to be pitied, as we pity the blind, the diseased, the deformed. Is there a seraph, or an angel before the throne of God, who is not more or less a poet?

But our business in this short life-day is to accomplish something, and "castle-building" is too relaxing in its tone and tendency to be otherwise than dangerous. So to the young, the enthusiastic, especially to those of poetic temperaments, must we say "Beware of it."

V. F. T.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDING.

THE enormous amount of property annually destroyed by fire in this country, calls for some change in the construction of buildings, particularly in localities where high and costly edifices are closely crowded together, and hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in structures that cover only a few hundred square feet of ground. Fire-proof building is the remedy for this. It may be more expensive in the beginning, but it is a kind of expense that pays largely in the end. Wise men, who are investing in this kind of property, are becoming awake to the advantage of fire-proof building, and in all of our larger cities, are to be found a few pioneers in the good work who set the destroying element at defiance. There are many such buildings in our own city. One of the most noticeable of these is the handsome, fine, brown stone building, on Walnut below Third street, recently erected by John Grigg, Esq. Hunt's Merchant's Magazine gives, in a late number, a very handsome descriptive notice of this building, some of the points of which we marked to copy, but our editorial space this month is too limited for the extracts. We only refer to it now, by way of suggestion to others to follow Mr Grigg's highly praiseworthy example.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ISABEL; THE YOUNG WIFE AND THE OLD LOVE.
By John Cordy Jefferson, Author of "Crewe Rise,"
&c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

WE have no hesitation in pronouncing this a very dull book; and it appears all the more so because one is led to expect something very different from the opening chapters. The reader becomes very much interested in "Isabel," who is a most lovable character; but the miserable *half*-characters that fill up the book are unmitigated bores. The developments are unnatural, and the tone of the story bad; there is a venerable ecclesiastic, without religion—a vicious lord, who is bad without aim or object—a systematic coquette—a quarrelling married couple—a mysterious lady, who turns out to be nothing very wonderful after all—a common-place, dissipated captain—a perfect "Emily," who is daughter to the notorious Beau Brummel—and as for the two heroes of the piece, (for such we suppose they are intended to be,) Hugh Falcon and Everitt Brookbank, who are loved to distraction by "Isabel" and "Emily," we found it impossible to get up the least degree of interest in them. As a general thing, men invariably make mistakes when they undertake to lay bare that mysterious thing, a woman's heart—they have no just conception of the delicacy and reserve of a woman's style of loving, and the author of "Isabel" is not free from the errors of his sex in this respect. Sometimes the reader meets with humorous passages; and although coarse in extreme, the description of Everitt's first evening at Wolton Hall is very amusing. On the whole, we consider "Isabel" one of those books of which it may be said that he who has *not* written it has done his fellow-creatures more good than he who claims to be the author.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By Samuel S. Greene, Author of "Analysis," "First Lessons," &c. Philadelphia: H. Conoverthwait & Co.

A small volume of very simple instructions, admirably adapted to the capacity of young beginners. It is divided into short lessons, consisting of well-chosen examples; and for a "grammar," the book is positively interesting. We should think it would form a valuable addition to school-libraries.

MISS LESLIE'S NEW COOKERY BOOK. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This lady's inexhaustible pen has produced another volume to instruct the housekeeping world in the art of preparing the various dishes that constitute breakfasts, dinners, and teas. We are dreadfully practical, we people of this nineteenth century, and we should not be surprised if "Miss Leslie's new Cookery Book" were even more enthusiastically received than Alexander Smith's latest and most intricate rhapsodies about stars, and shells, and

flowers, and all the airy nothings that make up a poem. Our only objection to Miss Leslie's receipts has been their extravagance, which placed them quite beyond the reach of housekeepers with limited purses; but in the present volume there are directions for all classes which are given with the utmost clearness and precision. Commencing with soups, the authoress proceeds through a *comme il faut* dinner to the very tapering off point of the dessert; and then, with an amiable thought, perhaps, for the "peculiarities" of certain old-fashioned masculines, who consider bread-making the chief end of woman, she kindly throws in receipts for the staff of life in all its varieties, from the dyspeptic's abomination, warm cakes, to the primitive loaf of our childhood. The book is admirably printed in large, clear type.

A MANUAL OF SPEAKING, CONVERSATION AND DEBATING. New York: Fowler & Wells.

A very useful little pamphlet for both the educated and the uneducated. There are many expressions in use among refined people, which a little examination will prove to be incorrect, and to those who desire an elegance of style in expressing their thoughts, this book will be found of great assistance. Talking and reading are classed by the author as "arts;" but so excellent are his instructions that those who follow them will attain the perfection of art—that of being artfully artless.

THE COMPLETE SPELLING BOOK. By Daniel Leach, A. M., Superintendent of the Public Schools of Providence. Philadelphia: H. Conoverthwait & Co.

This is a young child's book, containing exercises for spelling and writing, evidently arranged by one who is fully competent for the task he has undertaken.

READING WITHOUT TEARS. By the Author of the "Peep of Day," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Why this pretty little volume should be called "Reading without Tears," we are at a loss to imagine, unless the numerous pictures, beautiful type and pretty binding are supposed so to gild the pill of learning that it will slip down unperceived. The picture on the cover has caused us much bewilderment. Two little angels, (for they have wings, and are only dressed in innocence,) are represented seated lovingly upon a cloud, and bending over an open volume; we presume that it is intended to be a copy of "Reading without Tears." The picture is very pretty, but we think it calculated to give rather wrong impressions to young and inquiring minds. The little stories at the end of the book are extremely interesting, and we have no doubt that the young folks will be delighted with the volume, angels and all.

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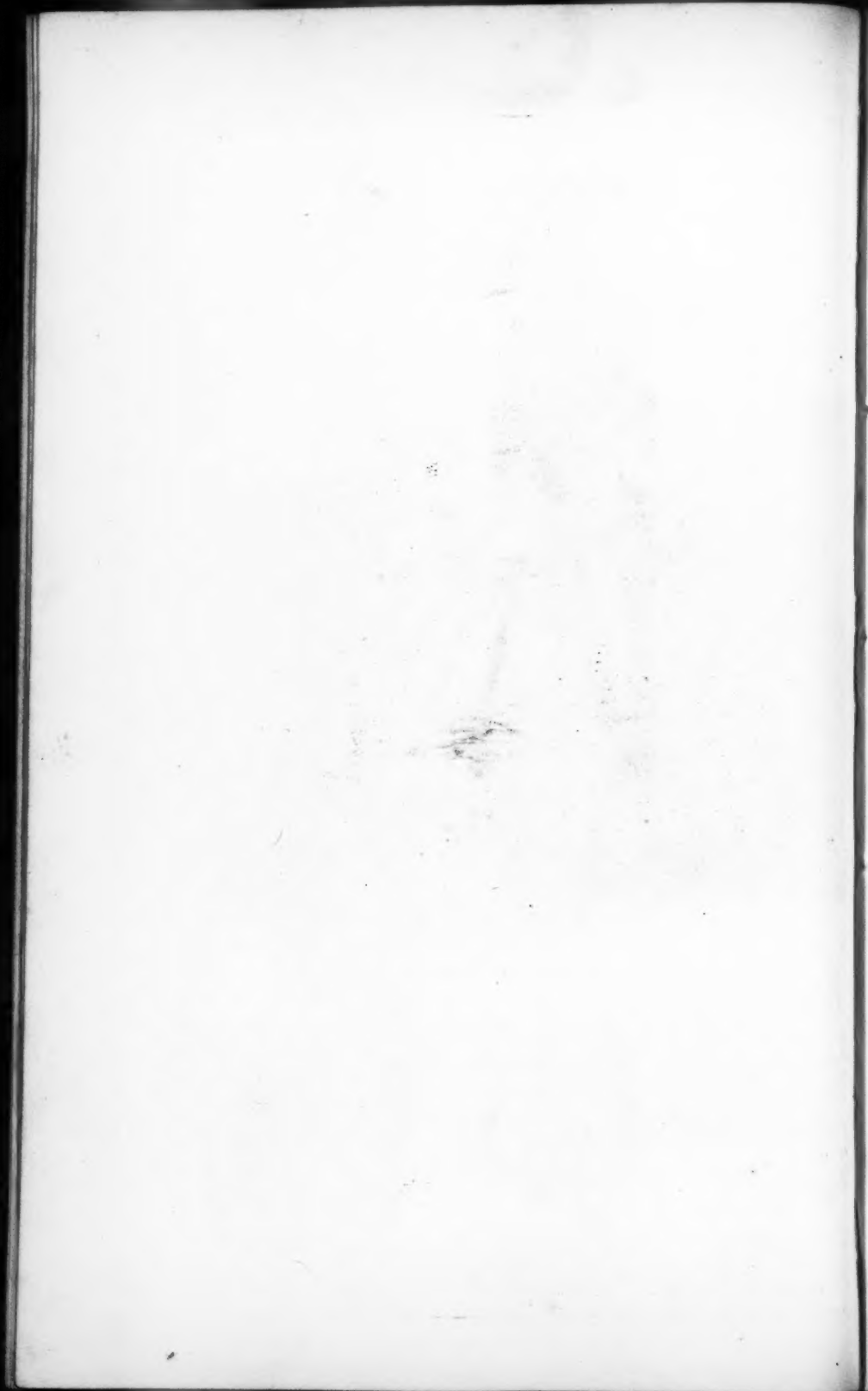
THE MOURNERS.





THE MOURNERS.

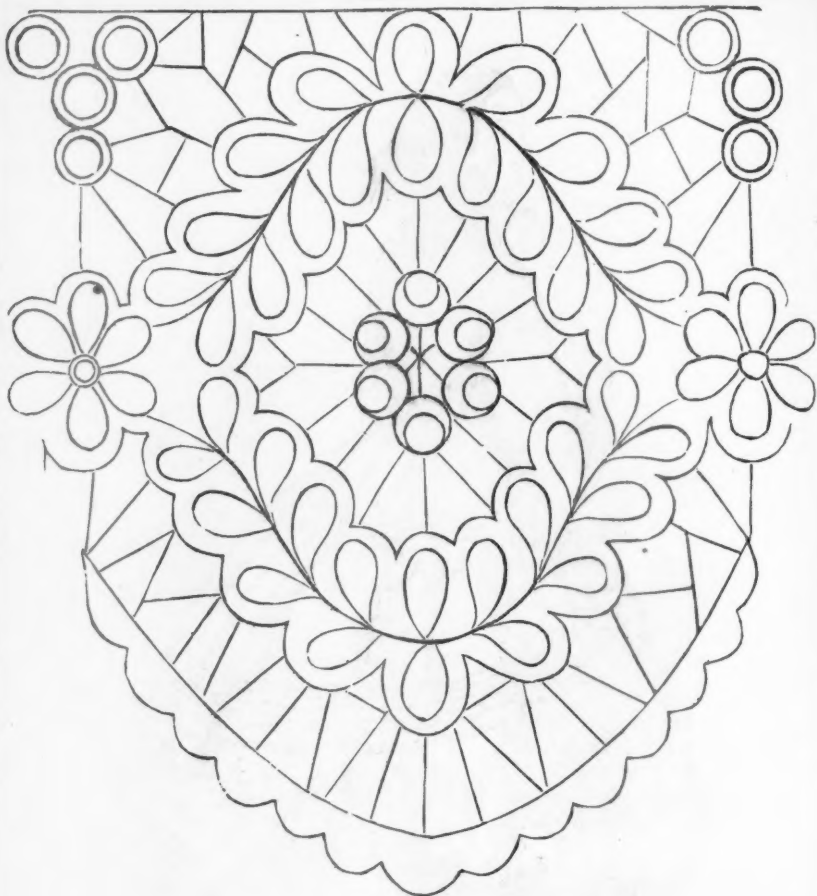






BASQUE AND TALMA.

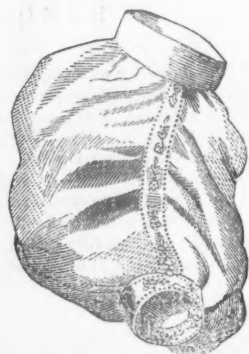
THERE is nothing especially distinctive in the style of the above garment, so far as the basque is concerned, although its proportions must please the eye of true taste. An attractive feature is the waist or deep flounce. This is not joined to the basque, but is a separate piece, which is simply confined round the waist. It is so fashioned, that it may, at pleasure, be omitted, the basque thus forming a neat article of the toilet itself. If the weather renders the basque too cool or warm, the skirt may be worn over the shoulders—with or without the basque—forming as it does, a beautiful talma. This is a novel and pretty contrivance. It is effected by several slashes in the upper edge of the piece, which are concealed by small triangular tabs, gathered upon an elastic cord, by the expansion or contraction of which the article accommodates itself to the waist or shoulder. It thus takes the place of talma, basque, or novel pardessus, at will.



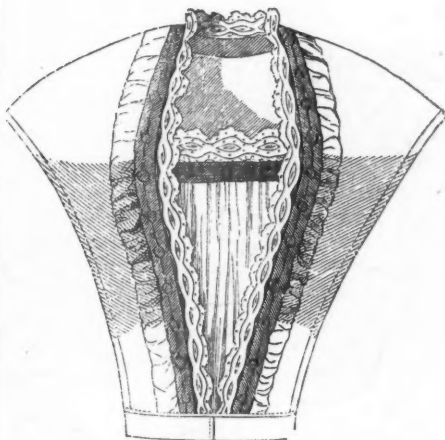
BRODERIE ANGLAISE, FOR SLEEVE OR UNDERSKIRT.



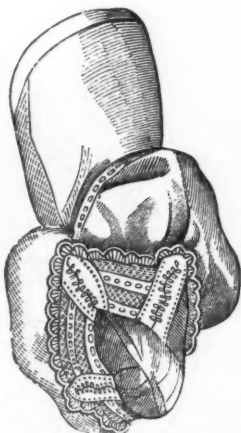
BERTHA CAPE.



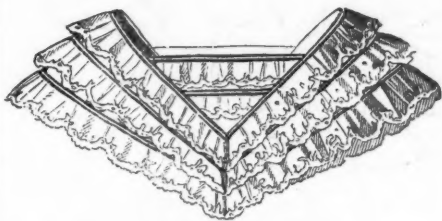
NEW STYLE UNDERSLEEVE.



CHEMISETTE.



UNDERSLEEVE.



BERTHA, FOR EVENING DRESS.

Lace on Brussels Net.



VANDYKE FICHU.

Alternate rows of Embroidery and Valenciennes Insertion.



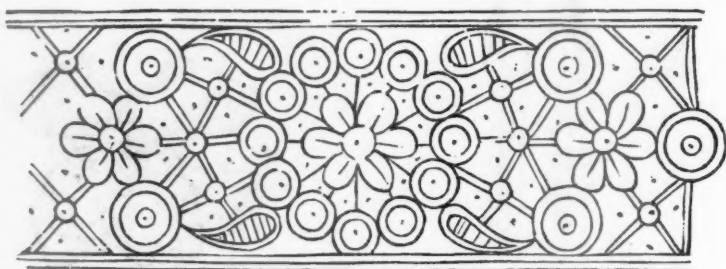
HABIT SHIRT AND COLLAR,
Of Embroidery and Lace.



MORNING COLLAR.



PATTERN FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



INSERTION.



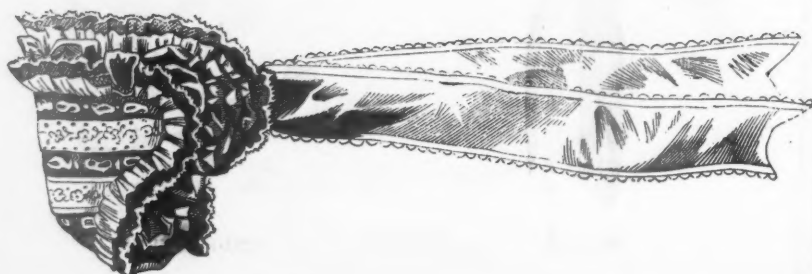
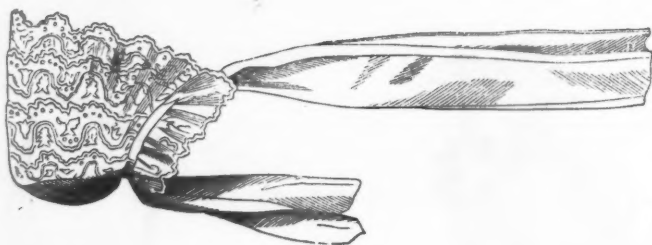
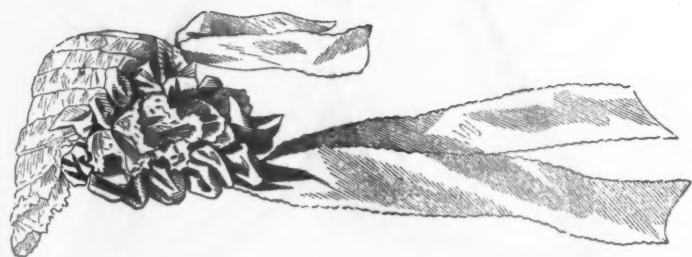
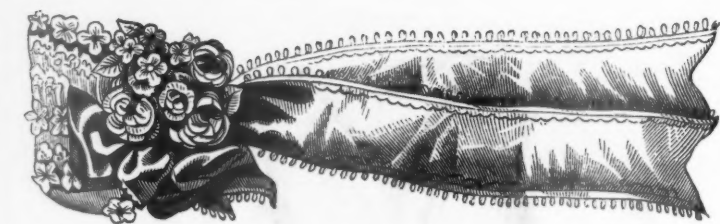
DRESSING SACQUE, OF WHITE MARSEILLES.



BONNET.



UNDERSLEEVE.



CAPS.